

CALLING ALL GIRLS

NOVEMBER 1946 10¢

STORIES

FASHIONS

MOVIES

GOOD LOOKS

TRICKS FOR TEENS





Scores HIGH ON THE CAMPUS...

Stadium Girl

LIPSTICK

in *Rare Orchid*, smart, vibrant
keynote for your entire makeup

Stadium Girl Lipstick—seen everywhere on the lips of many lovely girls who rate dates. Available in Rare Orchid and five other fascinating shades that stay on... and on... and on. Let Stadium Girl Lipstick—in Rare Orchid—help *you* score high in appearance. Ask for it at your nearest five-and-ten cent store. 10c and 25c sizes (plus tax) in convenient, fast-acting, plastic push-up containers. If your dealer can't supply you, order large size by coupon below.



Six captivating shades:

Cherry Red (medium light)	Tropic (medium dark)
Sunset Pink (medium)	Ruby (dark)
Rare Orchid	Burgundy (very dark)

*Leading five-and-ten cent stores also carry
Stadium Girl Color Makeup, Stadium
Girl Compacts... Stadium Girl Rouge.*

---TEAR OUT COUPON AND MAIL TODAY!---

CAMPUS SALES CO., Dept. 7116
411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

I am enclosing 35c (in
Canada 50c), which includes tax
and postage, as payment in full
for a large-size Stadium Girl
Lipstick. I have indicated my
choice of shade at the right.

**No
C.O.D.'s
please**

Name.....

Address.....

City.....(....) State.....

*My choice of lipstick
shade is:*

- ☐ Cherry Red (medium light)
- ☐ Sunset Pink (medium)
- ☐ Rare Orchid
- ☐ Tropic (medium dark)
- ☐ Ruby (dark)
- ☐ Burgundy (very dark)

Portrait of you in a **PETITEEN!**

If you are too old for 7 to 14's, and too small
for teens, Petiteens are just right. Sizes: 10
to 14A in dresses and sportswear. At Petiteen
shops in better stores everywhere. For store
nearest you write to Petiteen, 520
Eighth Avenue, New York 18,
New York.



Exclusive with
THE T. EATON CO., LTD.
IN CANADA

*Dress made of a DUPLEX rayon
fabric. Jacket made of J. P.
STEVENS & CO. all wool shet-
land, skirt all wool plaid.*



Petiteen
Original
REG.



WE ALWAYS like to know what you think, and we are glad to publish excerpts from some of your letters. We wish we had space to print all of them. We hope more and more of you will write us—tell us what you like about the magazine, what you don't like, what you want to see in future issues. Even though we can't answer all your letters, we give thoughtful consideration to every one of them. When you write us, address your letters to From You to Us Editor, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

From You to Us	4
Apron Strings	9
Mad About Ladd	12
Make 'Em and Paint 'Em for Christmas	14
Go Formal in Separates	16
Mayor Martin's Daughter	18
All-American Music Makers	20
Cinderella Cellars	22
Judy Wing	24
The Junior Red Cross Looks Ahead	27
Your Career as a Singer	28
Come Out of that Shell!	30
Time on Their Hands	32
Carnival Mystery	34
These Family Affairs	37
Movies that Matter	38
Let's Talk Things Over	40
Football Fore	41
Jabberwocky and Jive	42
Pretty Soft for Wool Date Dresses	43
Oh, Say Can You Still	44
Tricks for Teens	46
Good for Giggles	48
Calling All Girls Club News	52
Formal Flats	57
Simplicity Sue Makes Her Own Skating Outfit	62
Beauty Buy-Words	66

CALLING ALL GIRLS is published monthly by CALLING ALL GIRLS INC., a subsidiary of the publishers of the Parents' Magazine—52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

President—GEORGE J. HECHT

Publisher—ELLIOTT A. CAPLIN

Editor—FRANCES ULLMANN

Associate Editor—ANNETTE TURNER

Art Editor—RALPH O. ELLSWORTH

Assistant Art Editor—FRANCIS D'ANNUNZIO

Fashion Art Editor—CAROL NISONOFF

Decorating Editor—MAXINE LIVINGSTON

Fashion Editor—NANCY PEPPER

Food Editor—JANE RICHARDS

Good Looks Editor—LOUISE CARLISLE

Hollywood Editor—MARY JORDAN

Let's Talk Editor—ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Editorial Production Manager—MYRTLE BONN

Assistant Editors—EVELYN ABELMAN, DOROTHY DAY, ALLENE REESE

JUNIOR ADVISORY EDITORS

DIANE DISNEY

Daughter of Walt Disney

GLORIA JEAN

PEGGY ANN GARNER • ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Movie Stars

MARIAN GRUDEFF

Canadian Concert Pianist

PHILIPPA DUKE SCHUYLER

Composer and Concert Pianist

SENIOR ADVISORY EDITORS

BERNICE BAXTER

President, Camp Fire Girls, Inc.

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

Famous Author

SONIA PENE

World-Famous Figure Skater

OSA JOHNSON

Jungle Explorer and Author

CLARA SAVAGE LITLEDAL

Editor, Parents' Magazine

ANGELA M. LUCAS

Natl. Co-Chairman for Youth,

Natl. Council of Catholic Women

MARY L. NORTHWAY

Assoc. Prof. of Psychology,

Univ. of Toronto, Canada

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Movie Star

CALLING ALL GIRLS, November, 1946, Vol. 6, No. 11. Publication Office: 4909 Diversey Ave., Chicago 26, Ill. Executive and Editorial offices: 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. By subscription, \$1.00 a year in U. S. and Canada; in foreign countries, \$1.20. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright 1946 by Calling All Girls, Inc. Title registered U. S. Patent Office. Canadian copies entered as second-class mail at Toronto, Canada. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 27, 1942, at the Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Change of address, giving old and new addresses, should be sent six weeks in advance to Calling All Girls, Subscription Adjustment Bureau, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All manuscripts, etc., must be accompanied by return postage and are submitted at the risk of the sender.

CAG is a big girl now!

When I sat down to read my August edition of CAG, I nearly fainted. It is so much improved in size, articles, etc. I can't get over the size. Please keep it up.

B. S., Pontiac, Ill.

I just got your magazine, the super new bigger issue and I am writing to tell you that it is "out of this world."

E. L. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.

If you are planning on having CAG in the bigger size, why don't you put more stories and less advertising in it?

D. L., J. M., Spokane, Wash.

I think your magazine is simply swoonderful, but even more swoonderful in the large size. I'm surprised it's still 10c, as it is worth much more considering that it's helped mousey Mary to be a slick chick.

M. S., New Westminster, B. C., Canada

The new, bigger CAG is swell, but let's have more stories like "Medal for Mums" in your August issue. More stories, longer stories, please, for a better CAG.

B. M., Jeannette, Pa.

Turn about

We are sorry to hear that the Scottish girls have formed such an opinion of us. Boys are our friends to have good times with and to think about only to a certain extent. American girls think seriously about international affairs and peace and studies play an important part in our lives. We hope we haven't made enemies of the Scottish girls, for we want to have a better understanding of them, and want them to have a better understanding of us.

C. B., K. S., El Paso, Tex.

I got so mad I just had to write this after reading the letter from I. R., L. S., and F. R. (August issue) from Scotland. I have been wondering if they are so terribly inhibited as they led my friends and me to believe. I sincerely hope not. They certainly must think boys are poison—I think they're fun, and it's those articles on how to date that help a girl have fun on her dates.

S. L., Denver, Colo.

Yes, American girls, in fact, girls all over God's earth, think of boys, but the great majority of us also think about making our own clothes, remodeling our own rooms, taking care of our yards, helping our (Continued on page 80)

Macy's

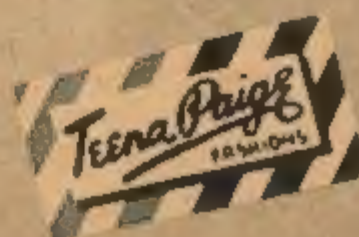
Herald Square, N. Y. (1) N. Y.

Teena Paige* goes to a party...

Teena Paige* whips up a party dress that's pretty as a birthday cake. It's swishy Celanese* rayon taffeta with a dirndl skirt that swirls to the latest swing. Checkered taffeta decorates the sleeves and snugs in the midriff waist. Navy blue or black in Sub Jr. sizes 7 to 15. Macy's Jr. Deb Centre*, Fourth Floor.

4.98

Also at Macy's-Parkchester. Write, Macy's Box 70, G. P. O., N. Y. C. (1). Phone LA. 4-6000. Dept. 133. Add 13c for shipping charge. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





As you sow, so shall you reap . . .

build your wardrobe around

long-lasting Jane Irwill sweaters,

and you'll end up with

a wonderful sweater collection

that will see you straight through

into your college days!

jane irwill
SWEATERS

1372 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

at fine stores everywhere

Lester Pincus Majors
in Shoes for
Teen-Agers

Lester Pincus Originals

DEBUTEENAS

The Date-Getter dates you as hep. Black wool gabardine of finest quality, about \$6.95. Somewhat higher in Black suede leather.



BANDITEENAS

Merry as Robin Hood's shoes. In fine quality suedeen. Midnight Black, Vagabond Red, Forest Brown. About \$5.00.



DEBUTEENAS

The Beau-Getter. Of finest Black wool gabardine, about \$6.95. Somewhat higher in Black plastic, Black suede, Brown alligator calf.

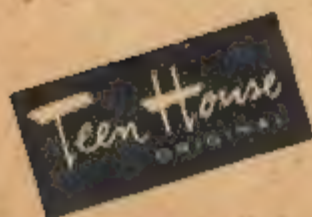


So bright-'n-gay for school or play! So just-first-rate for dance or date! You'll find these and other Lester Pincus Originals at shoe stores and shoe departments everywhere. For name of store nearest you, write to Lester Pincus Shoe Corp., 131 Duane Street, New York 13, N. Y.



get-togethers (left) Dutch pockets on a lively Glen plaid with new puff-puff sleeves, leather-buckled waistline. Two-piece darling of Royal Oak Fabric in red, blue or yellow with brown. 10-16. \$16.95.

(right) Scotch tartan is gay with gray. Buckled-over skirt, an in-or-out back-button blouse with dog-collar neckline. Of Parker & Wilder wool rayon flannel. 10-16. \$14.95



BROZMAN'S, Williamsport, Pa. • J. A. KIRVEN, Columbus, Ga. • NACHMAN'S DEPT. STORE, Newport News, Va. DAVID HARLEY CO., Pawtucket, R. I. • MEYERS-ARNOLD, Greenville, S. C. • STEINFELD'S, Tuscon, Arizona

Apron Strings

LUCY left the others chattering on the high stools in front of the counter and slipped into the phone booth. She closed the door securely, dropped her nickel in the slot, and called her home number.

"Mother?"

"Yes, dear. Where are you?"

"At Barney's. The gang's talking of going out to Joe's grandfather's farm near Hamilton; his grandfather said if Joe would haul it away, he could have all the firewood he wanted, and we thought it would be fun to help Joe stock his dad's basement for winter."

Her mother said, with something of a smile in her voice, "It's lovely weather to go to the country. Who's going?"

"Oh, Bill and Joe—we're going in his pick-up truck—and Fred and Marian and Beryl and myself."

Her mother knew all of them, even Beryl. Lucy held her breath.

"It sounds crowded, but go along. You'll be home by five?"

"Oh, Mother!"

"Aunt Edna's coming for her visit, you know, and I want you to go to the station with me to meet her."

"All right," Lucy promised. It would cut things short, the gang would have fits about it—but what could she do? At least her mother hadn't objected to the outing.

She sighed with relief and opened the door. Bill turned to her with a crooked grin. "What's the verdict?"

"O. K.," she said.

She hadn't thought he had even seen her go into the booth. The gang ribbed her a lot about her family. Mostly she took it in good part, but sometimes she felt that she couldn't stand another dig.

Mother and Dad were swell. They were up-to-date and good-looking, they all had fun together. But there was one flaw in them—and it was a big one. They watched over her like a couple of policemen. Oh, not too

obviously, so that she squirmed. But it was bad enough. Where are you going, dear? . . . With whom? . . . What time will you be home? . . . I don't think I care to have you going to the Joint. No, that's final. . . . Do I know Kenneth? Perhaps you'd better wait till we've met him.

You'd think, to hear them, that she was too precious to be out alone. And not even alone. With the gang! They wanted to know where she was every minute. They wanted to know with whom she was; her friends had to be approved by the parental nod. It was galling to take sometimes.

**Lucy wanted to carry out
her plans with no strings attached—until
another girl showed her that
apron strings are sometimes different**

By ADELE DE LEEUW
Author of "Future for Sale"

"You'll go, won't you?" Beryl sounded positively anxious.





Like this. When would she be home? Suppose it was after five—did that mean there was anything wrong? She hated having to keep track of every minute, knowing that if she didn't there would be explanations at home. And it was hard sometimes to make even the simplest matter sound simple. It hadn't struck her so furiously, though, until Beryl Marlowe came to town. Beryl was like a breath of fresh air—the breeze into school, into their closely-knit gang, into their lives. She was their own age, but years older in experience. Sophisticated, that was the word. She had her own allowance, chose her own clothes, came and went as she pleased, entertained when she felt like it, was full of plans, with no one to say her nay. It was marvelous to have her around. She was free—Independent—what they all longed to be, but didn't know how to achieve. Maybe if they stuck around her enough, she was acknowledging their needs, even in this short time—they'd have a thing or two.

"Let's go," said Joe, sliding off his stool. "Now that Luce has got permission, what's holding us up?"

Beryl smiled but said nothing. Lucy felt hot inside, rebellion flared in her. This sort of thing could queer her with a girl like Beryl.

It was fun hunting up the wood. They laughed and sang, and the girls climbed into the branches of a fallen tree out in the wood lot in front, only to be driven out by the boys, who made a united assault on the unsteady holding-places. The air was whistling; it made them light-headed and silly.

"Be sure to save all the best logs for Thanksgiving," Fred said. "We'll toast our marshmallows over 'em."

"We'll have a party at my house," Beryl said with decision. "You're all invited this minute. I know some new games; we'll have fun."

"Heave those last logs into the truck, me hearties," Joe ordered. "We have to get the precious home by five."

How did he know?

"Oh, goth, there's room for more," Bill protested. "Can't we pile on those chunks over there?"

"None," Joe was emphatic. "It's home by five—or else. For Lucy, at any rate."

Muttering, but obedient, they piled into the truck again. "Keeping these logs from rolling off is going to be a job," Marian complained, as Bill swung her up into the back of the truck.

"You're supposed to hold 'em in, half-pint," Fred said. "If they go, so do you."

The truck grunted and snorted, quivered and shook—and was off. Joe put on an extra

spurt of speed after glancing attentively at his watch.

"Don't bite your nails, kid," he advised Lucy, who was sitting with her hands in her lap. "I'll get you there, on my bumper as a Casey, if the bus holds out."

It was at that moment that the truck, hearing itself maligned, decided to quit. Ouch. It wouldn't budge. Joe looked incredulous, then hurt, then worried.

"It's that load in the back," Fred said. "Bill, you better get off and walk."

"How about gas?" Marian inquired. Marian was the practical one.

"I've got plenty . . . Joe began, and then a sheepish look spread over his face. "Oh, goth, I mean, I thought I had. I was going to have her filled up before I left, but I forgot . . ."

He got out and investigated. The gas tank was empty. "There's a paragon about a mile and a half down the road," Bill said. "Maybe you can hitchhike."

It was Joe's truck; it was Joe's fault. "Sit tight, everybody," he said cheerfully. "I'll be back whenever you see me."

Lucy stood up and looked around. There was a farmhouse not too far away.

"I'll go and telephone," she muttered. It was hard to get it out.

Beryl laughed. "Oh, what's the use? They won't bring gas out to anybody they don't know."

Marian explained. "She means she has to telephone home. Every house on the hour."

"It's an old family custom," Fred contradicted. "Wait someone to go with you, Luce?"

"No," she said, barely above her breath.

Beryl was looking at her, practically open-mouthed. She didn't say anything. She didn't need to. Her look said it all. Incredulous. Amused. Lucy thought she saw a hint of pity, too. That was what hurt. She had dropped in Beryl's estimation—and she had been trying so hard to build herself up! The others knew about her family. They made allowances. But a girl like Beryl—what must she think? It was humiliating. She set off angrily down the road. She knew they were talking about her; she could almost hear what they said. Beryl demanding to know "what in the world?"—the others explaining with little shrugs and thickers.

"It's the last time I'll do it," Lucy thought, rebellion rising to a new height. Absolutely the last time. Let her parents expose it if her—she couldn't keep this up forever. They'd have to get used to it. After all, she was grown-up.

It made it all the harder when her mother said, "Thank you for letting me know, dear. I do appreciate it."

But she clung (Continued on page 34)

Lucy saw only that she was forbidden to go. Arguments and tears failed to move them.



Like this. When would she be home? Suppose it *was* after five—did that mean there was anything wrong? She hated having to keep track of every minute, knowing that if she didn't there would be explanations at home. And it was hard sometimes to make even the simplest matter sound simple. It hadn't struck her so forcibly, though, until Beryl Harlowe came to town. Beryl was like a breath of fresh air—she breezed into school, into their closely-knit gang, into their lives. She was their own age, but years older in experience. Sophisticated, that was the word. She had her own allowance, chose her own clothes, came and went as she pleased, entertained when she felt like it, was full of plans, with no one to say her nay. It was marvelous to have her around. She was free—independent—what they all longed to be, but didn't know how to achieve. Maybe if they stuck around her enough—she was acknowledgedly their leader, even in this short time—they'd learn a thing or two.

"Let's go," said Joe, sliding off his stool. "Now that Luce has got permission, what's holding us up?"

Beryl smiled but said nothing. Lucy felt hot inside; rebellion flared in her. This sort of thing could queer her with a girl like Beryl.

It was fun loading up the wood. They laughed and sang, and the girls climbed into the branches of a fallen tree out in the wood lot to rest, only to be driven out by the boys, who made a united assault on the unsteady hiding-place. The air was wine-like; it made them lightheaded and silly.

"Be sure to save all the best logs for Thanksgiving," Fred said. "We'll toast our marshmallows over 'em."

"We'll have a party at my house," Beryl said with decision. "You're all invited this minute. I know some new games; we'll have fun."

"Heave those last logs into the truck, me hearties," Joe ordered. "We have to get the princess home by five."

How did he know?

"Oh, gosh, there's room for more," Bill protested. "Can't we pile on those chunks over there?"

"Nope," Joe was emphatic. "It's home by five—or else. For Lucy, at any rate."

Muttering, but obedient, they piled into the truck again. "Keeping these logs from rolling off is going to be a job," Marian complained, as Bill swung her up into the back of the truck.

"You're supposed to hold 'em in, half-pint," Fred said. "If they go, so do you."

The truck grunted and snorted, quivered and shook—and was off. Joe put on an extra

spurt of speed after glancing ostentatiously at his watch.

"Don't bite your nails, kid," he advised Lucy, who was sitting with her hands in her lap. "I'll get you there, on my honor as a Casey, if the bus holds out."

It was at that moment that the truck, hearing itself maligned, decided to quit. Cold. It wouldn't budge. Joe looked incredulous, then hurt, then worried.

"It's that load in the back," Fred said. "Bill, you better get off and walk."

"How about gas?" Marian inquired. Marian was the practical one.

"I've got plenty . . ." Joe began, and then a sheepish look spread over his face. "Oh, gosh, I mean, I thought I had. I was going to have her filled up before I left, but I forgot . . ."

He got out and investigated. The gas tank was empty. "There's a garage about a mile and a half down the road," Bill said. "Maybe you can hitchhike."

It was Joe's truck; it was Joe's fault. "Sit tight, everybody," he said cheerfully. "I'll be back whenever you see me."

Lucy stood up and looked around. There was a farmhouse not too far away.

"I—I'll go and telephone," she muttered. It was hard to get it out.

Beryl laughed. "Oh, what's the use? They won't bring gas out to anybody they don't know."

Marian explained, "She means she has to telephone home. Every hour on the hour."

"It's an old family custom," Fred contributed. "Want someone to go with you, Luce?"

"No," she said, barely above her breath.

Beryl was looking at her, practically open-mouthed. She didn't say anything. She didn't need to. Her look said it all. Incredulous. Amused. Lucy thought she saw a hint of pity, too. That was what hurt. She had dropped in Beryl's estimation—and she had been trying so hard to build herself up! The others knew about her family. They made allowances. But a girl like Beryl—what must she think? It was humiliating. She set off angrily down the road. She knew they were talking about her; she could almost hear what they said. Beryl demanding to know "what in the world?"—the others explaining with little shrugs and snickers.

"It's the last time I'll do it," Lucy thought, rebellion rising to a new height. Absolutely the last time. Let her parents expect it of her—she couldn't keep this up forever. They'd have to get used to it. After all, she was grown-up.

It made it all the harder when her mother said, "Thank you for letting me know, dear. I do appreciate it."

But she clung (Continued on page 54)

Lucy saw only that she was forbidden to go. Arguments and tears failed to move them.



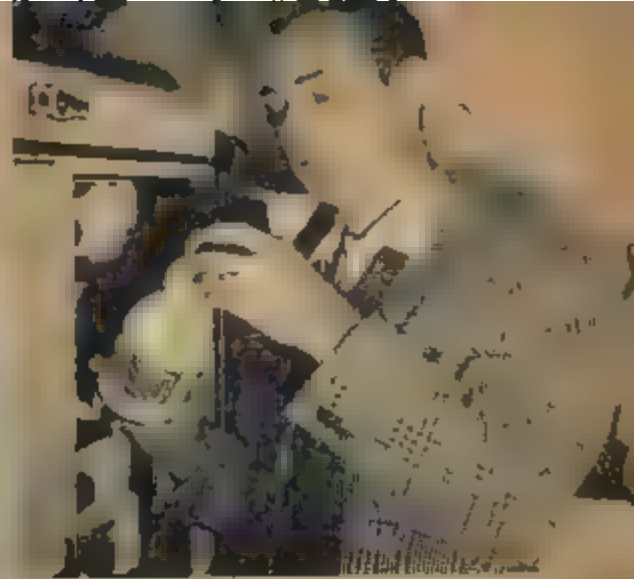
Alan Ladd



It's Fathers' Day, and daughter Alan knows what the Ladd likes. It's a handsome tie for a handsome Daddy.



A lifelong dream came true when Alan bought a twenty five-acre California ranch on which to raise his own horses.



Just like everyone else, Alan likes to raid the home refrigerator. And what is he after? His favorite drink—milk!

MAD ABOUT LADD

He's a bad man, a tough guy, but
does that fool his teen-age fans? Not
a bit! It's all a big act, and they love it

BY ALLENE REESE

YOU'RE right about the lad, but how about some "behind the scenes"? Ladd became screen struck by accident and an accident made him decide it was a good way of earning his bread and butter—at least it couldn't be a less hazardous way than the incident that made up his mind for him. He was working as a "grip" when he was accidentally knocked off a catwalk high over a studio set to the floor twenty feet below and, while he came out of it unharmed, he did the fastest thinking in his career on the way down and decided that it was safer being an actor on the set than doing manual labor high above the actors' heads.

Ladd's fame came overnight when he played opposite Veronica Lake in "This Gun for Hire." Paramount needed a handsome, young killer and Ladd got the part. By now he has completed his tenth major role, this time co-starred with Geraldine Fitzgerald in the super-spy drama, "O.S.S."

But a little about Ladd himself. Alan was born in Hot Springs, Arkansas, where his dad was a public accountant, and the family moved to California when Ladd was eight and settled shortly afterward in North Hollywood. It seems an auspicious place to be if one has certain ambitions, but Ladd didn't have them for quite some time. He went to North Hollywood High and not only was he a track star, but he was a brilliant swimmer, to boot. He still holds the local 50-yard free-style interscholastic record and while still in senior high, he won the West Coast diving championship when he competed in amateur meets for the Hollywood Athletic Club.

In spite of all this, he was no slouch when it came to the gray matter. As a sideline during his high-school years, he wrote a newspaper column for the San Fernando Sun-Record. (Continued on page 79)

Feet tired? Use your hands! This upside down stuff looks easy, and it is—for Ladd.

make 'em and paint 'em

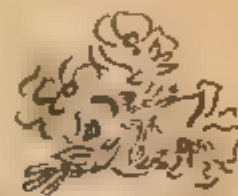
By **NANCY PEPPER**, Fashion Editor

First you sew them, then you hand paint them with washable Prang Textile Colors, then you glamorize them with sequins—and then you give them to your best friends for Christmas.

Our collection includes **1** evening mits and bag with ballet decoration, **2** demure ballet slippers, **3** an expensive-looking dirkey, **4** a lovely jewel case, **5** the most enchanting head bands you've ever seen (one of them says "I love you"), **6** an exciting belt with space case, **7** a dramatic hood, **8** a gay scarf.



1



4



2



3



5



6

FASHION PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM WARD. DRAWINGS BY KAY MORRISSEY

for CHRISTMAS

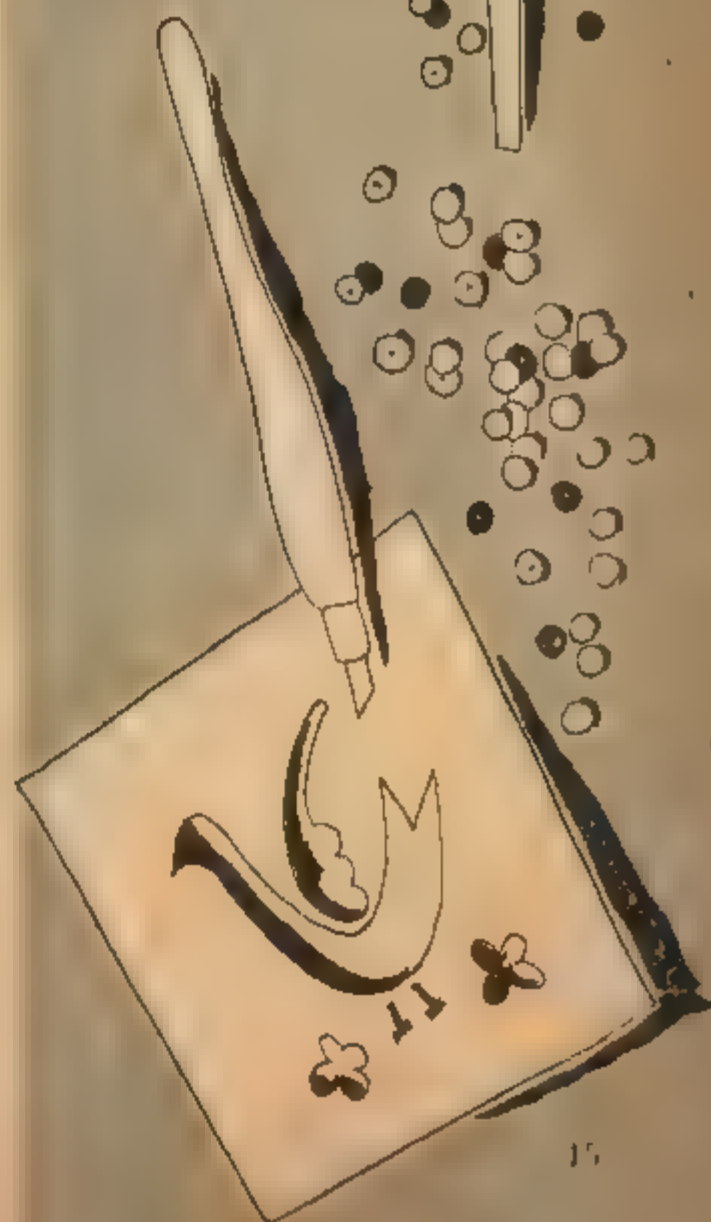
Want to try your hand at these Glamour Gifts? Send for free Christmas Gift instruction leaflet, complete with directions for cutting your own stencils, painting, and sewing. Enclose stamped, self-addressed, large-size envelope with your request to Needle Nudgers, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



7



8



15

go FORMAL in
separates

[illegible]

4. habet autem illi etiam in
 in christi baptis- p
 potestatem dñi etiam in p
 potestatem dñi etiam in p
 deinde etiam in p
 etiam in p
 etiam in p
 etiam in p
 etiam in p



go **FORMAL** *in* *separates*



Shine at the prom in a sequin-sprinkled bouclé sweater by Hi Girl. Left, monogram motif style on the front cover, about \$15. Right, peasant beauty, about \$17. Betty Lane's short and long faille skirts, gold belt by Vogue. Formal "Separates" in teen departments of Official Headquarters Stores, page 82, or write for where-to-buy information.

Blouses, sweaters, and skirts go High Hat! Below, left to right, swishy black marquisette skirt, about \$15, with sequin-trimmed white sheer blouse, about \$8. Both by Prevue. Rayon faille skirt by Betty Lane, about \$17, with Winston's hand-painted, sequined blouse, about \$11. Ladvarn's bouclé and tinsel sweater, about \$9. Jeweled-buckle barrette by Ben Hur, hair bands by Shirley Lipton, gloves by Kayser, bag by Nellie Forman. More fashions on pages 43, 44, 57, and 62.



Mayor MART

Con

If she had let re

to

Combs hugged and supported as Egan mounted first up and carried her. Girls followed with Peggy.

At 3:35 p. m. County Marshal and Peggy Smith
arrived at the scene and found the woman dead
on the floor. She was lying on her back with her
head against the wall. Her hands were clasped
over her face. She was wearing a white dress
and a white apron. The woman was about 40
years of age and was married. She had two
children. The woman was found by the
neighbor who called the police.

Stumbling on apples, eggie squishies, after their
 'Sooplin' a ruffin' in it
 apple lunk'dun how 'er oozin'. They're probably
 also merrin' the quince, a fig! it has to
 flourish up a lot like eyes
 'tween a gn hawk, he
 'tween a 'tween a 'tween

She followed her way through the
crowd very quietly, as if he
was the only thing of matter to
be seen.

He had crushed a rock to bits. He had a hammer
(and a rock) - the wedge of a man who could
do it - he had her.

Prayer is a gift, as the apostle Paul says, "the gift of the Holy Spirit." It is a gift that we receive from God, and it is a gift that we can give to others. Prayer is a gift that we can give to ourselves, and it is a gift that we can give to the world.

י"ג יר ה'ת"ל. לנפמאקו ירל. ג"ע ציטן קליס ה'ת"ל.

He said the FBI will get a tip of the surprise. He also said that he will be in the city in the next few days. He said that he will be in the city in the next few days.

Վերանայելով իրենց արձանագրության և ի.դ. արձանագրության
դրոշմը, խորհրդի անդամները համաձայնեցին Բաղրի:

Young people are finding the American Youth Orchestra an adventure in democracy that's right in tune with their ideals

By BEN THOMAS

IT WAS Alexander the Great who said that it is not by his might or his hard fighting, but by his wisdom that he conquers his enemies. He was a conqueror of men, not of countries. He was a conqueror of men, not of countries. He was a conqueror of men, not of countries.

He was a conqueror of men, not of countries. He was a conqueror of men, not of countries. He was a conqueror of men, not of countries.

He was a conqueror of men, not of countries. He was a conqueror of men, not of countries. He was a conqueror of men, not of countries.

He was a conqueror of men, not of countries. He was a conqueror of men, not of countries. He was a conqueror of men, not of countries.

He was a conqueror of men, not of countries. He was a conqueror of men, not of countries. He was a conqueror of men, not of countries.

He was a conqueror of men, not of countries. He was a conqueror of men, not of countries. He was a conqueror of men, not of countries.

He was a conqueror of men, not of countries. He was a conqueror of men, not of countries. He was a conqueror of men, not of countries.

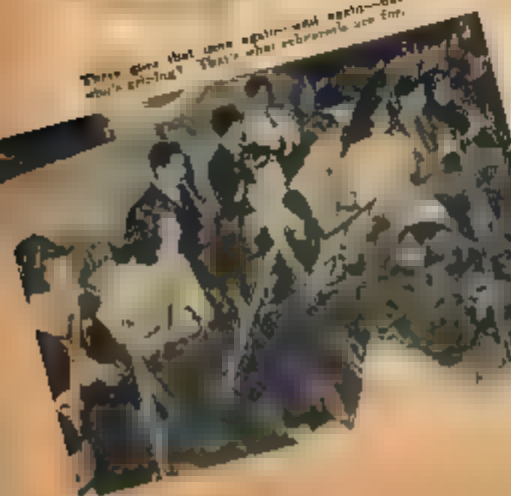
all-american music makers

Three times that week again—and again—but who's singing? That's what veterans are for.

Oliver Dixon listens while behind the scenes a chorus sings to ease his pain or the orchestra.

Below right: And what is this musical setting? Whatever it is, three are doing the musical number. Veterans were not at it.

Below: Veterans with white shirts inside freedom.



**Young people are
finding the American
Youth Orchestra an
adventure in democ-
racy that's right in
tune with their ideals**

By ANN THORNE

IT WAS Alexander the Great, wasn't it, who sat around with his chin on his hand, moping because there were no new worlds to conquer, no new trails to blaze, or frontiers to lick? Too bad about him! Dean Dixon and his American Youth Orchestra might have done the same—with much more reason—because it *would* seem that the world of music has been explored forward, backward, and crosswise. But when you're a trail blazer, those "Sorry—No New Ideas Wanted" signs just don't mean a thing.

So Dean Dixon went out (we'd like to say with his trusty baton in hand, but he doesn't use one) to open up a new musical frontier—and with him went the American Youth Orchestra, a group of enthusiastic young musicians, many of them in their

teens, who had the spirit of adventure, too. But these trail blazers didn't go forward into any unknown musical wilderness. Sometimes trails are needed to lead people back to things they have long forgotten or perhaps missed altogether. That's why these pioneers did their exploring among the old composers, and why for the past two years they've been giving audiences "long-hair" music.

It all started in 1944 when a student from the College of the City of New York came to Dean Dixon with an idea. Couldn't something be done about the young musicians—and there were quite a few of them in New York—who might someday perform in symphony orchestras, but who right now were doomed to sit at home playing their lonely flutes.

all-american music

There goes that tune again—and again—but who's griping? That's what rehearsals are for.



Dean Dixon listens while behind the screen a young player tries for a place on the orchestra.



violins, bass viols, and bassoons? Something certainly *could* be done. What about a youth orchestra? A committee was formed and a date set for auditions for prospective orchestra members.

With the very first audition, Dean Dixon introduced the idea of democracy which has characterized the American Youth Orchestra ever since. He didn't see the players who came to audition. He didn't want to. Admittance into the orchestra should be based only on ability to play, he felt—not on who they were, or to what race, color, age or sex they belonged. So the players performed behind a screen. Thirteen of them were chosen for the original group.

The next thing was to find a place for rehearsals. The orchestra's first (Continued on page 70)

makers

Below, right—And what is this woodwind saying? Whatever it is, there's no doubt that the youthful oboist means every note of it.

Below — Teen-agers will tackle difficult music head-on. Photos by Paul Freeman and Pix Inc.



Cinderella

Cellars

IT TAKES more than a whisk of the wand to make a basement shed its dreary, unattractive look—but aren't the results worth the time and effort?

Here's the place to throw parties without fear of jitterbugs banging into the furniture. Here the club members can really let down their hair without drowning out Dad's radio program. You will need the folks' help to copy some of the good ideas in the photographs. But to follow the suggestions in the sketches, paint and crepe paper are practically all the materials you need.



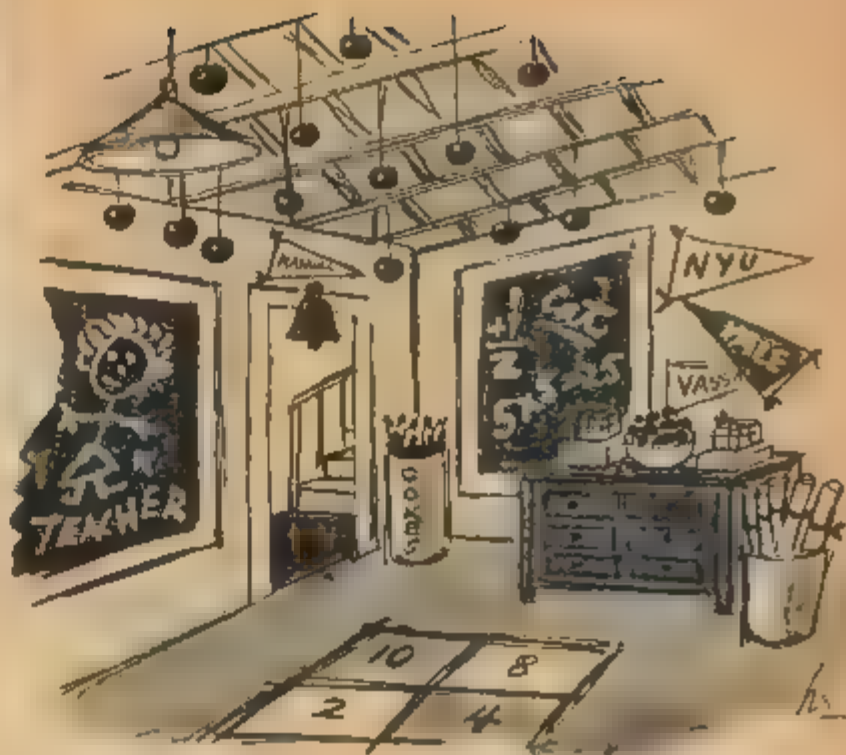
Even the ravishing Helen couldn't launch this ship, for it's moored fast to the basement walls. Clouds, gulls, railing, and life preservers can be painted on the walls or cut out of white cardboard and mounted against a blue crepe-paper sky. Porthole effect is created by pasting cardboard cut-outs to transom window. The graceful palm tree hides a column; brown crepe-paper strips wound around, and paper leaves tacked to ceiling are the secret. Note rope on stairs and banisters.



It took Martine Hassander's dad two years of spare time to build this recreation room for her teen-age crowd. Ugly walls were covered with knotty pine, the ceiling with Nu-Wood Tile, and the floor painted light green and partially covered with rugs. In addition to the built-in sofa and storage cupboards shown above, there are counters, cupboards, and a pine-paneled sink at other end of the room. Room is 19 x 21 feet—allowing plenty of space for games and dancing to go on at the same time. Why not consult Dad, and undertake a cooperative remodeling project?



Wouldn't you love to have a glamorous basement playroom like this to call your own? We too! Anyhow, maybe you can use some of the Walkers' ideas in your own home. Bet you never guessed, for instance, that utility-room and heater-room doors are concealed by the exciting photomontage on the left wall. And see what a difference an inexpensive grass rug can make in a basement's appearance. Most wonderful feature, of course, is the miniature kitchen—complete with range, sink, icebox, and counter—for whipping up snacks to serve the crowd.



With the proper props your class party is sure to rate an enthusiastic A-plus from the gang! A real bell hanging in the doorway—or a cardboard one will do—sets the school theme, and pieces of black crepe paper taped to the walls make effective blackboards. Are your rafters showing? String apples from them and they become part of the decorations. Those "diplomas" reposing in the wastebasket are prophecies which you've written out for each guest. And the centerpiece on the table is—naturally—a bowl of shiny red apples. Don't forget the radio-phonograph and some comfortable chairs.

By MAXINE LIVINGSTON
Decorating Editor



Your get-togethers will play to Standing Room Only if you make your basement fun—and that doesn't necessarily mean pretty. Even a pair of would-be handicaps like ugly laundry tubs and a pot-bellied stove can become part of the decorative scheme, and shuffleboard or other games painted on the floor contribute to the fun. That refreshment counter is nothing but an ironing board in disguise, and the crepe-paper awning is held up by transparent tape. Bring down the porch glider and some lawn chairs, and you're open for business. "A super-marvelous time was had by all," the "High News" will report.



If the basement doesn't lend itself to a particularly clever or unusual treatment, turn it into a game room. You'll probably want to partition off the laundry tubs and furnace (folding screens are one way) so ping-pong balls won't keep rolling into distant corners. You can hang a dart board on the wall, paint a shuffleboard on the floor, keep a bridge table handy for those interested in table games—and you're all set for hours and hours of fun. Photo, courtesy Detroit Edison Company



Judy King

When Judy's original holiday plan
went into a stall, she found a way to hold out to a real Thanksgiving

by ANNETTO TIMMERMAN
Autism and Multiple Abilities for All

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

Wah'ah jahn jahn m. Miss
Wah'g
wah'y ubah'k her head %
muh'r thoo'se Flap d bar co
yah' ee ah erow Ellen
Saw'm pwa ju jay'd he-
luy W'h' wuxur raa a mah jahn
wera al mu reer roo

Justly answered but the answer had to be a word! Which was one: If it were about the fact of a child's murder it means the victim was

Ellen Hughes, 55, was also the first of an entire able-bodied household. Frank, 54, the only son, is a welder with a college degree but lives in a small room.

[illegible]

There was a premonition
visible to John's keen eyes
that behind the smile
and the words "my wife"
there hid his life. And he
could see the girl calling her
wife.

version arched not justify
 "an di a will ne ch
 inght m. w h have n.
 Mourn can Ellen enough
 ful den knew

Աճաքը ծովի կէ մտնելի քաղաք
 Եւ քաղաքի մէջ մտնելի քաղաք



The man and woman, who I
had seen, dropped short. They
were looking at me like I
was a ghost.



**When Judy's original holiday plan
went into a stall, she found a way to bail out to a real Thanksgiving**

By ANNETTE TURNER
Author of "Mystery Rides the River"

THERE was a crisp touch of frost in the air, and the woods beyond the flying field were flaming with color. It was the kind of day when you wanted to fly and fly, Judy Wing thought as she brought the stick back, leveled off, and felt the tail wheel of the plane touch the ground.

"It's hard to come back to earth," she said to Selina, the flying-school cat, who came to meet Judy when she climbed out of the cockpit. "Or wouldn't you know?" Judy stooped to give Selina a pat. "No, I guess you've never been air-borne," she said, and hurried on to her office.

She came back to earth with a thud when she saw the yellow envelope on her desk. "If that's Ted wiring he can't come up for Thanksgiving . . ." she began, and tore the envelope open.

It was. Whatever Captain Ted Baker's faults might be, neglecting his job in Texas in order to spend Thanksgiving with a certain red-haired instructor at a girls' flying school in Pennsylvania was not one of them. The telegram explained that he was in a tight spot because he hadn't been able to buy land for an airport in a certain section of Texas, and unless he could work a minor miracle in the next two weeks, there would be no Thanksgiving holiday at all for one Ted Baker.

"Which sort of demolishes the plans of one Judy Wing," thought Judy resignedly. "Unless—unless I go there—but even if I could, that wouldn't help Ted get his airport. Why must people who own land be so set on hanging on to it? Can't they see what an advantage a good airport would be?"

At dinner Judy still felt glum and inclined to be a little annoyed with all Texans, until she looked across the dining room and met the steady, friendly gaze of Ellen Moran, one of her newer pupils.

"There's one Texan with good sense," Judy thought. "Only she can't help Ted—or—can she?"

Judy dropped by Ellen's room that evening. A phonograph blared lustily and a tenor voice shouted the joys of being "free again, just to be again where the bloom is on the sage!" The room was full of girls, on the bed, the floor, and on the window sills. But when Judy appeared, Ellen swung her slim legs down from the window and switched off the record.

"Won't you join us, Miss Wing?"

Judy shook her head. "Not tonight, thanks. But I'd like to talk to you tomorrow, Ellen."

Several girls jumped to their feet. "We'll scram right now if you want us to," one of them said.

Judy protested, but the exodus had already started. When she and Ellen were alone, she said, "I didn't mean to break up your party."

Ellen laughed. "We were just moaning over not being able to get home for Thanksgiving," she said. "Oh, most of the girls will manage, I guess, but Texas is just too far for me."

"Texas is just too much for me," Judy said, laughing. "That's what I came to talk about." When Ellen heard the story of Ted's difficulties, she dug out an atlas and opened it to her home state.

"I thought so," she said. "That's down where Cousin Sophia has her ranch. Everybody around there owns oodles of land, and they could stand to part with some of it. But they're probably all like Cousin Sophia. She's quite a character."

There was a mischievous twinkle in Ellen's gray eyes. "She's Father's cousin," she added. "I—I wish you could meet her, Miss Wing. I bet you could talk her into selling her land!"

"Perish forbid!" said Judy. "But do you really think she might part with some of it?"

"Mmmm," said Ellen thoughtfully. "I don't know."

Afterwards they couldn't agree on who had had the bright idea

first. Judy said something about Thanksgiving, Ellen said something about flying down, and before they knew it, they were deep in a plot to visit Cousin Sophia and arrange for Ted to drop in while they were there. Ellen sent off a letter and within a week had an answer. Cousin Sophia was thrilled, she reported.

At daybreak on the morning before Thanksgiving, Judy and Ellen stowed their bags in the three-seater cruiser plane and Judy climbed into the pilot's seat. The flying weather was perfect as they headed south. Below, rivers gleamed like silver threads, cities were checkerboards with ragged edges, the valleys curved between mountains with frosted tops like giant cupcakes. Judy stopped at Washington and again at Memphis to refuel. During the afternoon she ran into cross winds, and found it harder to keep on her course.

The nearer they came to Texas, the more excited Ellen became. She chattered away about Cousin Sophia, but Judy was busy with her own thoughts.

Her imposing on Ellen's older cousin wasn't too serious—after all, it was the only way Ellen could have made the trip. But she wondered just how welcome Ted would be. If Cousin Sophia proved difficult, it was going to be a grim week end.

"I'm getting cold feet," she said over her shoulder.

"Don't you dare!" Ellen cried. "I'm running a temperature. That's the Red River down there—to your right. Oh, you aren't even looking! This is Texas, Miss Wing!"

She started to sing, but broke off to point out other Texas landmarks.

It was dark when they left Fort Worth. When they had traveled southwest for two hours or more, Judy said, "Better start looking for the ranch now, Ellen."

"We're almost there!" Ellen cried. "Maybe we're over Cousin Sophia's ranch right now. It's miles to the house, though. She said she'd turn on the yardlights. And look—there they are!"

Judy circled the area twice be-



\$100.00 IN PRIZES for the best letters inviting Princess Elizabeth to visit America

Friendship and mutual acquaintance between the United States and Great Britain are more important than ever. It would be appropriate, therefore, for the girls of America to invite Princess Elizabeth to visit this country in the near future.

Consequently, *Calling All Girls* is offering a first prize of \$50.00, a second prize of \$25.00, and five prizes of \$5.00 each for the best letters, of not more than 250 words, addressed to Princess Elizabeth inviting her to visit America and telling why you believe that she should come and what you suggest that she see and do while here. Neatness will not be a factor in judging the letters. If two or more letters are considered of equal merit, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

All letters will be forwarded by *Calling All Girls* to Princess Elizabeth at Buckingham Palace.

Write your name, address, and age at the end of your letter. Prizes will be awarded only to girls up to and including 17 years of age. Write your letter to Princess Elizabeth now, but in any case write and mail it not later than December 31, 1946. Start your letters, "Dear Princess Elizabeth," but mail them to the Contest Editor, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. All letters received, after being judged, will be forwarded to Princess Elizabeth.

fore Ellen could be sure it was the right ranch. Then she throttled back and glided in for a landing. Almost before the plane came to a stop on the field beyond the corral, cow hands flashing lanterns came running toward it. Judy and Ellen climbed out,

stretched, and called hellos. From the figure in front came a hearty answer—in a woman's voice.

"So you got here!" boomed Cousin Sophia, grabbing Ellen by the shoulders and kissing her. "My neck's out of joint watching for you! And you're Judy Wing." A large hand grasped Judy's and wrung it. "Nice to see you! Nice to see you! Chuck, grab those bags out of the plane and hustle 'em up to the house."

"O. K., Ma." One of the ranch hands carried the bags, and Cousin Sophia strode ahead. In her plaid shirt and blue trousers, with her gray hair cropped short, she looked just like a man. She vaulted the corral fence lightly, and waited for Judy and Ellen to climb over. "Stiff from sitting cramped up in that plane, I suppose?" she asked.

Judy could see that if she was to rate with Cousin Sophia, fence-vaulting would have to be her next achievement.

Before the roaring fire in the huge living room of the ranch house, Cousin Sophia had set a small table with her finest linen, silver, and china. Judy hadn't expected such elegance and charm, but Cousin Sophia was a constant surprise. She boomed away at them while they freshened up in their bedrooms, and when they sat down to eat their supper, she flung herself into a deep rocker, stabbed away furiously at some needlepoint she was working, and regaled them with anecdotes about the ranch. She had an avid interest in flying, too.

"Like to own a plane myself," she said abruptly.

"Wouldn't do, though. Not built for anything but the back of a horse, I guess. But Ellen's going to have a plane. Soon's she gets her pilot's license. I'll see to that!"

Ellen glowed with happiness. When Cousin Sophia learned
(Continued on page 67)

The JUNIOR RED CROSS looks ahead



**And sees new ways to serve—to work
for peace and world friendship. It's
a challenge—and they'll meet it!**

By THEODORA HOPKINS

ASK any delegate to the 1946 American Junior Red Cross Convention at Philadelphia for a one-word description of the event and you'll get the answer, "Wonderful!" Pin him or her down as to what really happened and you'll hear a glowing account of teen-agers getting together, of meetings in the huge auditorium packed with teen-agers from all over the United States, of teen-agers helping with arrangements, chairing and addressing some of the meetings, laying enthusiastic plans for future activities of the Junior Red Cross.

American Junior Red Cross members—nearly twenty million of them—whether they went to Philadelphia themselves or helped send one of their classmates—had a share in making the convention a huge success. And they'll play a big part in carrying through those plans for helping to achieve a just and lasting peace, and for welding friendly relations with other nations, as well as giving added service to the home community.

How's it going to be done? Junior Red Cross members aren't worried about *that*! Look at what they've done in the past. During the war they made more than thirty-five million articles in their local schools, or sometimes in summer workshops, and sent them to the armed forces. Things like bedroom slippers, afghans, bathrobes, utility bags, washcloths the girls made in their home economics classes. And art classes were busy, too, providing Christmas decorations, wall hangings, writing folios, puzzle books, and many other articles.

But it wasn't only the servicemen and women whom Junior Red Cross members supplied with comfort and recreational articles. Veterans' hospitals, children's hospitals and institutions, camps, and hospital ships weren't forgotten.

And that was just a beginning. What of the clothing, bedding, medical chests, and the half million gift boxes packed and sent just during this last year to children in the war-devastated countries? What of the big supplies of powdered milk for the Philippines, the presents for children in the South Pacific, the nearly twenty-seven thousand stuffed toys made by Junior Red Cross girls in their sewing classes for children in England who had almost forgotten what toys were?

All over the world the work of the American Junior Red Cross has brought friendliness and help. Polish refugee children hugged boxes of school supplies—they hadn't seen pencils or (Continued on page 61)



Top—Delegates Elouise McCallum, Sue Hallam, Barbara Metzger, and Brad Tolson talk things over.

Center—Corsages graced the delegates at the banquet.

Bottom—Several members of the Resolutions Committee, headed by Barbara Metzger, in a huddle. The boys? Walter Lochman, Allan Nacht, Kermit Lloyd.

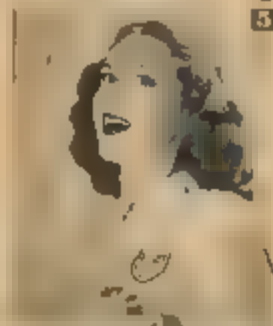




IF you're looking for fame and glory, upside the head stage-door chances. Can you imagine yourself as an industry star, singing in a telephone or the Metropolitan? If he seasons it in a singing band, it never yet bowing before the press, go his current at the Metropolitan Opera, a sure-fire starlet in the nation's audience.

It's easy to get into a song. You couldn't even hope to become a singer unless you did not have a tiny piece of it to start toward a career.

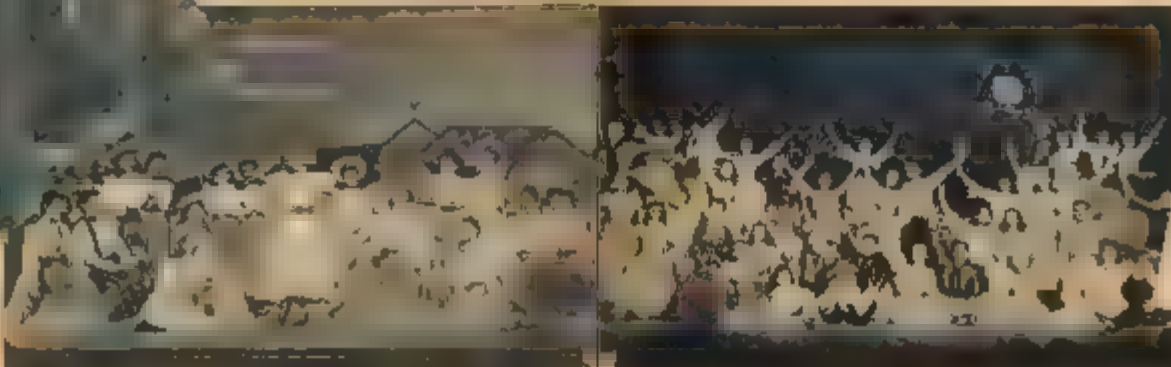
Thinking he was a "have been" singer in New York City, singing in a room, stage up a corner, he auditioned. "Can't you sing?" he asked. "My name is 'Bill'." "You'll be able to have a career in singing," he said. "You sing with feeling and have an appealing quality." "Can you tell me?" "You sound very promising." "But he's a new singer," he said. "I can't promise a career." "No one can promise us. Why, because we do our best, but neither of us can be in it. And he said, 'I will work hard, I will be intelligent, I will make the most of my talent, and I will work hard if the goal is reached, and afterward, I will be in the 50'."



your CAREER as a SINGER

By CRYSTAL WATERMAN
Author of "Bring the Salutation of Vocal Sound"

Be you ever so gifted, you'll find no magic door to the world of song. But it will open to you if you're willing to work—and work hard.



1. Night-club singer, Loretta Brown, as seen in this year's record of "Nightclub."
2. At present, Loretta Brown is a "night-club" singer for Charlie McArthur, who is director, and as Fred Allen's show.
3. Loretta and Loretta Brown have a "night-club" show in New York City at the "night-club" show.
4. Loretta Brown, as the Metropolitan Opera, as seen in this year's record of "Nightclub."
5. The "night-club" show, as seen in this year's record of "Nightclub."
6. The "night-club" show, as seen in this year's record of "Nightclub."



your CAREER



ARE you dreaming of fame and glory, applause and stage-door johnnies? Do you imagine yourself, glamorously clad, crooning into a microphone to the accompaniment of the season's most popular band, or, better yet, bowing before the great golden curtains of the Metropolitan Opera House in answer to the audience's acclaim?

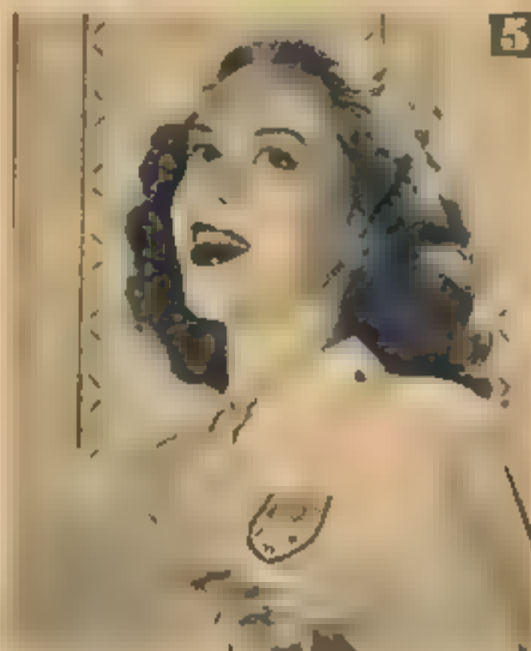
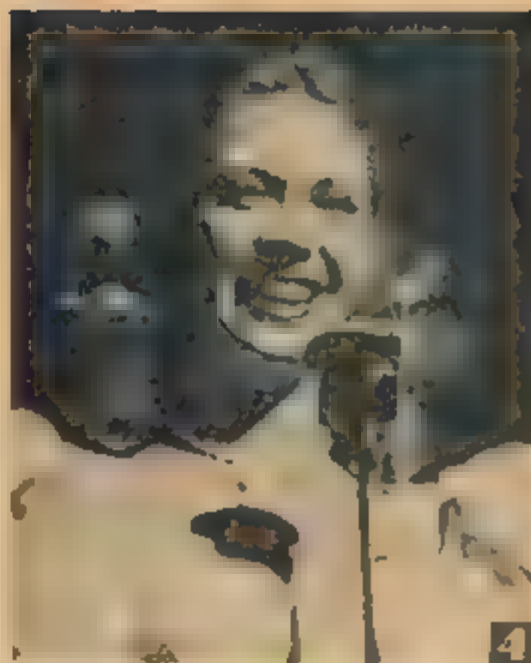
Of course you just love to sing! You couldn't even hope to become a singer unless you did, but that's only your first step toward a career.

During the years I have been a teacher in New York City, preparing singers for radio, stage, opera, concert, or screen, countless girls have come to my studio to ask, "Shall I be able to have a career in singing?" If the girl sings with feeling and has an appealing quality in her voice, I tell her, "You sound very promising." But no matter how beautiful the voice, I can't promise a career. No one can promise that. Why? Because no one can really tell whether or not a girl has the will and the ability to work patiently, intelligently, industriously; the persistence to continue her work until the goal is reached—and afterward. (Continued on page 63)

as a SINGER

By **CRYSTAL WATERS**
Author of "Song, the Substance of Vocal Study"

Be you ever so gifted, you'll find no magic door to the world of song. But it will open to you if you're willing to work—and work hard



- 1 Night-club singer Carol Bruce as Julie in this year's revival of "Showboat."
- 2 At sixteen, Anita Gordon's a veteran singer on the Charlie McCarthy show.
- 3 The five De Marco sisters, aged ten to nineteen, sing on Fred Allen's show.
- 4 Voice and personality have helped Dinah Shore to top the list of radio singers.
- 5 Patrice Munsel, star of the Metropolitan Opera and of radio's "The Family Hour," made her sensational debut at seventeen.
- 6 The cast of the hit musical, "Carousel," sings "This Was a Real Nice Clambake."
- 7 In "Oklahoma!" Betty Jane Watson and cast vow there'll be "Many a New Day."

Come Out of that Shell

By LOUISE CARLISLE, Good Looks Editor

IF YOU'RE shell-bound if you're hiding glasses, braces, or excess bangles put a blight on your life! Come out of that shell, and your great good looks around will show you that everyone has some glow back, something about which she—or he—feels self-conscious. And since you have had the fun of experimenting with playing up our good points and minimizing the bad ones—could be an advantage or what you can accomplish with a few little beauty tricks and a fresh new outlook that cover again will you want to creep back into your shell.

IF I HOPE you do have the sort of eyes that require help. Instead of squinting, frowning, and peering like a mole exposed to daylight, why not look at the world through rose-tinted glasses?

Or whatever color does most for your eyes!

Choose frames that add emphasis to your appearance: baroque for play features, half-eyeglass ones for a long, thin face.

Select glasses as you do your jewelry.

Because you like them, they're pretty.

and they do something for you. If

you're lucky enough to own more than one pair, choose a pair that is

perfectly dependent on glasses, you should have a spare in case of breakage—you may put your eye in it yourself or on the street. Select flowers or sparkling stones that enhance the new plastic frames.

Don't go overboard and wear big fancy frames with your school clothes. Do a good job and save them for dress-up occasions.

SO your mouth feels like a rubber-band factory since you're wearing braces on your teeth. Of course braces are

And leave your frown behind you! You'll find the new you is much more fun

nonnegotiable and your tongue irresistibly moves to jiggle them up and down. Right? Chances are you've gone on a nonstop take-me-out-and-eat-me campaign in school, only you have when you talk. You're not alone. Ask the girls in the hall notices that you have a mouth full of more than teeth. No one expects you to enjoy braces, but your public would rather see you as your evasive, cheerful self than mulling through your teeth.

IF ANYONE you were first in line when noses were bandaged out. If you removed yours then your chest, or a bump, or enlarged nostrils, or any other irregularity, try camouflage. A darker make-up tone on your nose, carefully blended in as there's no obvious line, and lightly powdered, creates an optical illusion of smallness. Freckles, birthmarks, or small scars take in this same camouflage technique, too. Special cover-up preparations designed to hide these slight defects are available. Remember, always put your darker make-up tone on the area you want to minimize. Where you shadow, you take away.

IF YOU haven't a leg to stand on when it comes to "shapelessness"? Here are some tips for you who want to turn "shapeless" around. Focus attention on the upper half of your figure. Skip the wide strap, striped middie, wide, or brightly colored slacks. There's nothing that rivets eyes to your legs so much as a wide-draw waist, so be sure your slacks are straight and smooth. Knuck-knuck or bow-legged girth, pleats, pins, too. Darker-toned slacks—never jeans!—for body legs, and beware too-short skirts. A good slimming exercise is to tuck the slacks with your hands and knees, preferably with your legs at a higher level than your head. Never wear your usual elastic garters. They impede the circulation and make for lumpy knees. If your legs are thin and slightly lopsided, exercise on your feet—jumping, hiking, skating—

will help build muscle and make fat disappear fast. For this, higher jumps and suicides have

BULGES yield most gratefully to treatment. Even making a few modest and hot chocolate pills a few spot reducing and posture exercises will have the way toward a new streamlined you. A few extra pounds of hip might distract the eye from the more important lines, should be discussed with your physician. Remember! She'll be glad to make suggestions for your realer exercises. Meanwhile, a pantsu skirt, one-way stretch or elasticated briefs pull in the derriere, minimize the waist, and generally smooth you in your. Whether you're slim or curved like a roller coaster, a foundation garment will help your posture, give you support and make your clothes look sleek and smoothing. Remember that the style you choose can add and subtract inches, too.

BUT these suggestions to work, make the most of your natural attractiveness, and let your personality shine through. It's not just the exterior that counts; it's what's inside that really makes a difference with you—your mind and with you in the end.

See you a girl who should have spots before your eyes? If so, make the most of the situation by drawing frames to suit your face and type. One last tip: Through a glass brightly, will give you more valuable pointers, and it's yours for the asking. Send a stamped, large-size, self-addressed envelope to Good Looks Department 12, Calling All Girls, 32 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Come Out

By LOUISE CARLISLE, Good Looks Editor

YOU'RE shell-bound if you're letting glasses, braces, or excess bulges put a blight on your life! Come out of that shell, and your first good look around will show you that everyone has some drawback, something about which she—or he!—feels self-conscious. And once you have had the fun of experimenting with playing up your good points and minimizing the bad ones, you'll be so surprised by what you can accomplish with a few little beauty tricks and a fresh new outlook that never again will you want to creep back into your shell. '

SUPPOSE you do have the sort of eyes that require help. Instead of squinting, frowning, and peering like a mole exposed to daylight, why not look at the world through rose-colored glasses?

Or whatever color does most for your eyes!

Choose frames that add oomph to your appearance: harlequins for pixy features, bold, square ones for a long, thin face.

Select glasses as you do your jewelry, because you like them, they're pretty, and they do something for you. If

you're lucky enough to own more than one pair—and if you're completely dependent on glasses, you should have a spare in case of breakage—on one pair you can let yourself go on the pastel flowers or sparkling stones that enhance the new plastic frames.

Don't go overboard and wear too fussy frames with your school clothes. Be a smoothie and save them for dress-up occasions.

SO your mouth feels like a rubber-band factory since you're wearing braces on your teeth. Of course braces are

of that Shell

And leave your flaws behind you! You'll find the new you is much more fun

uncomfortable and your tongue irresistibly moves to jiggle them up and down. Right? Chances are you've gone on a no-smiling strike, too! Or you've taken to covering your mouth with your hand when you talk. Grin and bear it! After the first look, no one really notices that you have a mouth full of more than teeth. No one expects you to enjoy braces, but your public would rather see you as your vivacious, cheerful self, than mumbling through your teeth.

MAYBE you were first in line when noses were handed out. If you received more than your share, or a bump, or enlarged nostrils, or any other irregularity, try camouflaging! A darker make-up base on your nose, carefully blended in so there's no obvious line, and lightly powdered, creates an optical illusion of smallness. Freckles, birthmarks, or small scars take to this same camouflage technique, too. Special cover-up preparations designed to hide these slight defects are available. Remember, always put your darker make-up base on the area you want to diminish. Where you shadow, you take away.

YOU haven't a leg to stand on when it comes to shapeliness? Here are some tips for you who yearn for more "cheesecake" appeal. Focus attention on the upper half of your figure. Skip the ankle strap, studded nailhead, wedge, or brightly colored shoes. There's nothing that rivets eyes to your legs so much as a snake-dance seam, so be sure your stockings are straight and smooth. Knock-kneed or bow-legged gals, please note, too. Darker-tone stockings—never seamless!—for fleshy legs, and beware too-short skirts. A good slimming exercise is to inscribe circles with your ankles and knees, preferably with your legs at a higher level than your head. Never, never wear round elastic garters. They impede the circulation and make for baggy knees. If your legs are thin and spindly, lots of exercise on your feet—skiing, hiking, skating—

will help build muscle and make for shapelier legs. For you, lighter tones and seamless hose.

BULGES yield most gratefully to treatment! Eliminating a few sundaes and hot chocolates plus a few spot reducing and posture exercises will pave the way toward a new streamlined you. A crooked spine, one hip higher than the other, or any such imperfection, should be discussed with your physical education teacher. She'll be glad to make suggestions for corrective exercises. Meanwhile, a pantie girdle, two-way stretch, or elasticized brief pulls in the derriere, minimizes the waist, and generally smooths your contour. Whether you're slim or curved like a roller coaster, a foundation garment will help your posture, give you support, and make your clothes look sleek and smooth-fitting. Remember that the styles you choose can add and subtract inches, too.

BUT these suggestions to work, make the most of your natural attractiveness, and let your personality shine through. It's not just the exterior that counts, it's what's inside that really makes you rate with your crowd—and with everyone else, too.

Are you a girl who should have specs before your eyes? If so, make the most of the situation by choosing frames to suit your face and type. Our leaflet, *Through a Glass Brightly*, will give you some valuable pointers, and it's yours for the asking. Send a stamped, large-size, self-addressed envelope to Good Looks Department 12, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

When the cameras stop, the stars get a chance to act like themselves—go in for hobbies, personal chores, or just have fun

TIME

By MARY JORDAN, Hollywood Editor

BETWEEN scenes—those fifteen-minute, half-hour, or hour periods when a scene has been shot and the electricians move in to light a set for the next scene, grips move some walls out and others in, and prop men scurry about making sure the calendar date is right and the hands of the clock give the right time—players have a restricted freedom. They have to stay in costume and they have to remain within call.

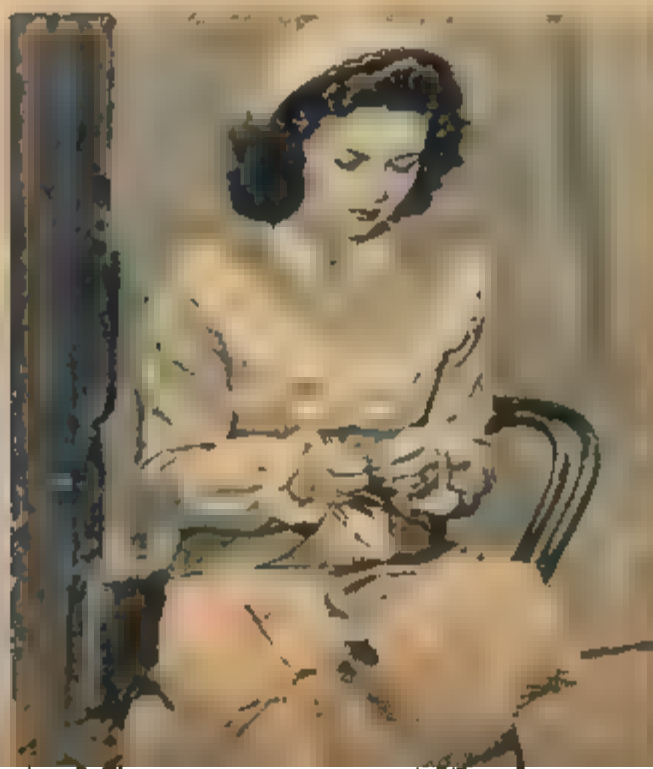
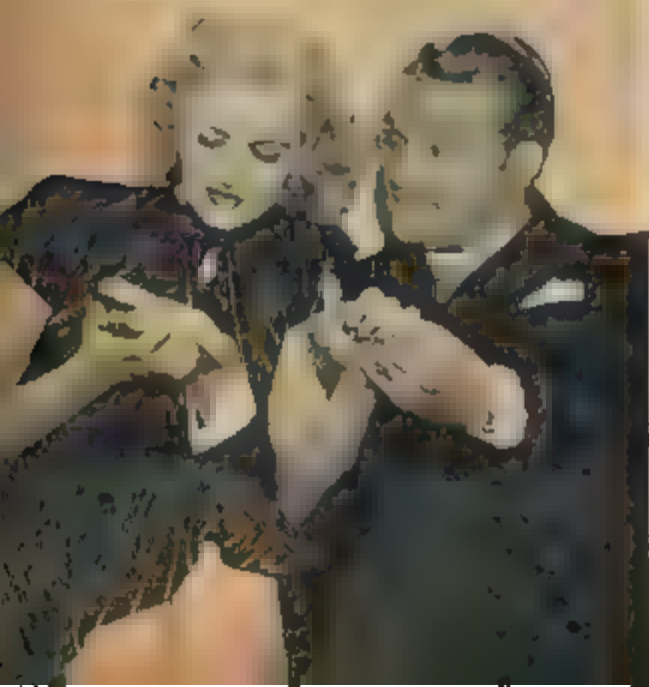
What do they do? Well, most of them make the spare minutes count. Gene Tierney has gained a reputation for prompt, warm acknowledgments of invitations, gifts, and letters—all because she spends those moments writing thank-you notes and letters. Or, that done, she plans her dinner menus ahead or prepares shopping lists. Frequently she gets caught up on all that with (Continued on page 59)

Left—Spare time is practice time for Lon McCallister. He's studying the violin, which he plays in "No Trespassing." But he's interrupted here by Allene Roberts, who uses tissue paper and a comb to provide accompaniment.

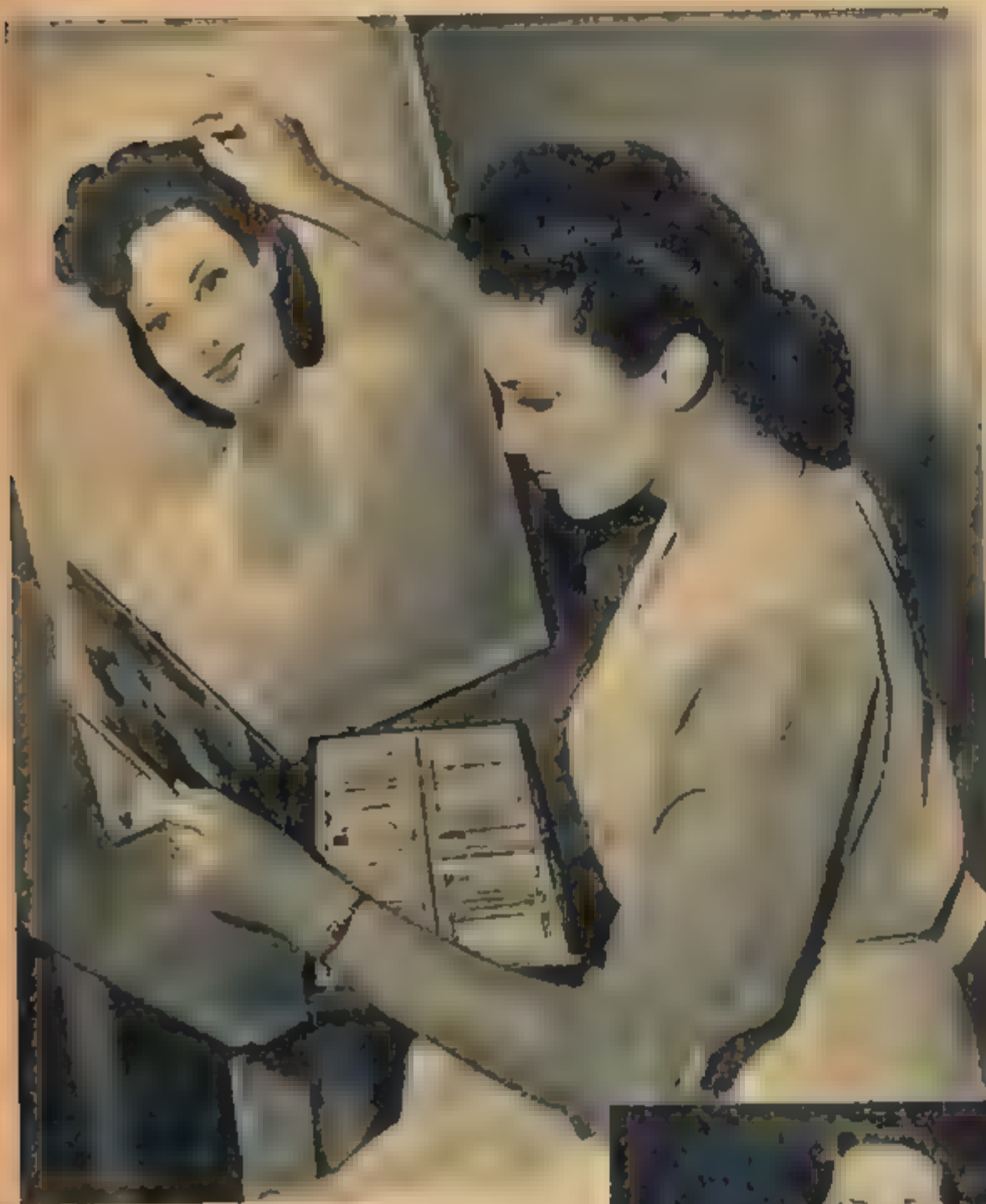
Below, left—There's some gypsy in her, declares Mardyn Maxwell, only when it comes to her ability to read palms. It's a nice way to hold hands, too, comedian Red Skelton discovers, as she reads his palm on the set of "The Show-Off."

Below, center—Mrs. John Agar adds another housewifely art to her repertoire. As she starts another pair of socks for her husband between scenes, Shirley Temple also plans the evening meal. She is starring in "Honeymoon in Mexico."

Below, right—Miniature dream, is this sailing boat carved by Rod Cameron between scenes of his western pictures for Universal. Rod hopes to carve a career so successful that he can afford an 80-foot full-scale replica of the boat. He's now co-starring with Maria Montez in "Pirates of Monterey."



on their hands



Above—Portrait of Linda Darnell by Linda Darnell occupies the star's time between scenes of "My Darling Clementine." She uses pastels as her medium and does her own picture from a photo of herself. She spends time sketching people with whom she works, too.



Above—Subject at hand for Bill Williams is that zooming popularity which means every role has to be a better acting job than the one before. Between scenes of "A Likely Story," he studies his script carefully so every scene will be as perfect as possible.

Right—This teen duet is frequently seen on the set of "Home Sweet Home" where there's a piano. The two young 20th Century-Fox stars, Barbara Whiting and Peggy Ann Garner beat out a mighty fine tune. Frequently some other members of the cast or of the crew dance a soft-shoe routine to their music.



just for fun. There's someone he expects to find here. Didn't you notice how he looked around before he invited us?"

Red's retort froze on his lips as Cramer held up the tickets and called to them. Only a few paces inside the gate the sounds of the Carnival caught up with them—hurdy-gurdies, carousels, Ferris wheels, all playing different tunes, vendors barking their wares.

Kay wriggled delightedly, and Laughton Cramer grinned at her in amusement.

"What's first on the list?" he wanted to know.

"Frozen custard on a stick," Kay voted instantly.

"Chow hound," teased Red.

Munching happily on the pale pink mound of sweetness that made up a frozen custard on a stick, the trio strolled along through the grounds.

"Merry-go-round next," Cramer announced firmly, and they straddled gaily painted horses and tried to catch a ring. Kay had pink custard in her brown curls when at last they slid from their mounts.

"The Ferris wheel!" Kay shouted gleefully.

Laughton Cramer was staring along the row of booths to the left. "Take her up, Red," he said absently. "There's someone here I want to see. I'll meet you at the exit."

Kay and Red squeezed into one of the seats on the Ferris wheel and rocked back and forth as the wheel turned.

"He stopped at the handwriting analyst's booth, Red," Kay scowled thoughtfully. "I looked back before we turned the corner."

"Forget it," Red advised. "He's probably allergic to high places."

To the tune of "He flies through the air with the greatest of ease," they were lifted to the top of the wheel and suspended in mid air. In the excitement of the moment, Kay lost her suspicions of Cramer. "Make it go. Oh, make it go!" she

squealed. But Red just rocked harder, delighted at being caught so high.

When they climbed out of the Ferris wheel, Laughton Cramer was there to meet them. His old gallant self again, he bowed with a flourish in Red's direction. "Your choice next, my good man," he announced grandly.

Red answered without hesitation, "The loop the loop." He leered darkly at Kay whose face was a picture of consternation.

"It's my turn to sit one out," Kay murmured, staring wide-eyed at the structure of the loop the loop with its terrifyingly steep downgrades.

"Oh no, you don't, my fine adventure-loving friend," Red admonished sternly.

"The Three Musketeers." Laughton Cramer linked his arms through theirs and steered them toward the loop.

Kay looked up at Cramer disarmingly. "It was two back there at the Ferris wheel," she said.

For a moment Cramer's face was as cold and expressionless as a statue. Then his lips curved into a smile. "I'll confess," he grinned. "I once got stuck at the top of a Ferris wheel, and I've been scared to death of them ever since."

"Then I don't feel so badly about my fear of the loop the

loop," Kay said gaily, but disappointment was evident in her eyes. She ignored Red's sidelong glance of exasperation and plunged on. "How long are you going to stay here in West Forks, Mr. Cramer?"

"Oh, I don't know. Not long, probably," Cramer sounded vague.

"Aren't you going to write anything for any newspaper?" Kay persisted.

"No, I'm just planning to give a lecture or two."

"We're supposed to be out on a jaunt," Red whispered in Kay's ear as they followed Cramer into the loop the loop and took their seats in the car. "No more sleuthing."

Kay stuck her tongue out at him. She placed her hands firmly on her stomach and hoped for the best as the car started to move.

When they emerged at last, her hair was a wild tumble, and she was gasping. Even Laughton Cramer's hair looked disheveled. They were pulling themselves together outside the entrance to the loop when Kay saw old Mr. Barlow and Wes striding toward them. Quickly she glanced at Cramer, but he was poker-faced. He greeted the Barlows smoothly. "Won't you join us in a hot dog?"

"Thank you, no. I have some business to attend to."

Kay wondered if Mr. Barlow ever smiled. She noticed how miserable young Wes looked, tagging along after his grandfather.

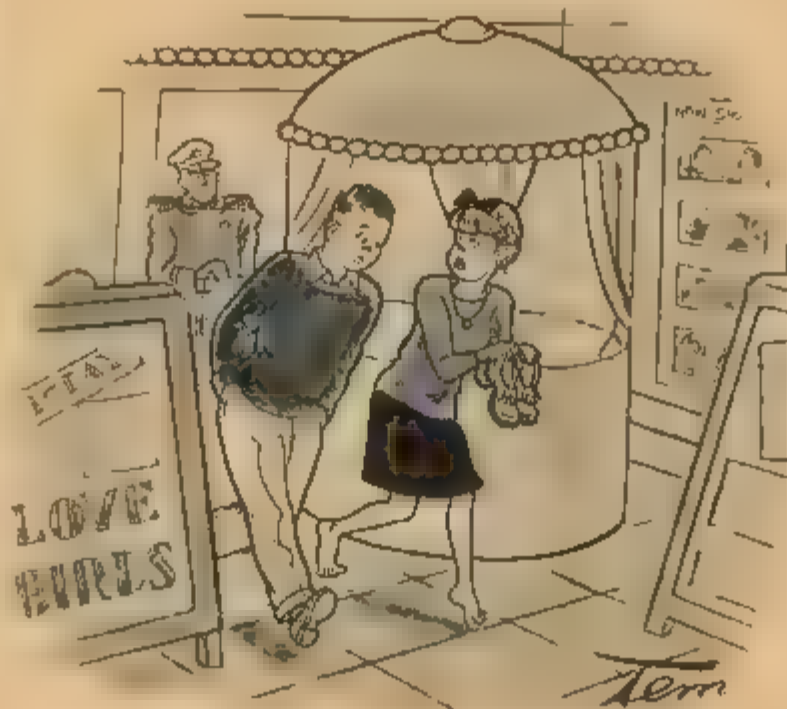
"Business at a carnival?" Even Red looked amazed when that slipped out.

Mr. Barlow stared him down coldly. "We promised to meet some friends," he explained grudgingly, and Kay caught the surprised look Wes shot at him.

"Spurned again," Red grumbled cheerfully, starting toward the scooter cars.

Laughton Cramer was staring intently after the Barlows. "We were going for hot dogs first, weren't we?" he said, leading them un-

(Continued on page 50)



"I hate sudden endings!"



THESE FAMILY AFFAIRS

**You can have fun—and
help the fun along—if you bring your very
happiest self to the family party**

By MARTHA ROSS

TIME marches on toward the holidays. Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year's are grinning out at us from the calendar. The parade of Occasions with a capital O is about to begin, and you're in for a stack of festivities with a capital FAMILY.

The scene is well fixed in your memory, you can visualize just what is going to happen when the time comes for you to join your relatives of far and near around the festive board. Firmly flanked by your parents, you set out for the gathering of the clan. After the bustle and hugs of greeting are over, your grandparents and aunts and uncles hold you off at arm's length, turn you slowly around, and say, "My, how you've grown!" And you have groaned, if not out loud, at least in your sourpuss expression over what you consider treatment hardly worthy of a two-year-old.

Well, you have grown, and your (Continued on page 58)



MOVIES that MATTER

Selection by KEEZABETH NICHOLS, Movie Editor

While "messing" in the gym, Marge, Jeanne Crain, and her daughter (Joanne Whalley-Kilmer, when the picture begins) come upon some quaint high-school souvenirs of Jeanne's. So she tells the story of her heavy heartbreak when she was young and Conrad Linn was the boy she yearned for. When Daughter compares Conrad with her father, Jeanne says Jeanne lost him. The film is a technicality. (20th C-Fox)

We don't see how "Life With Father" can have all of those years on Broadway without William Powell as Father, but he's just perfect in the film. Most Dames to his match as Mother, despite having four red-headed sons to keep in their places, too. The film is based on the reminiscences of the eldest son. (Werners)

In "Down to Earth" Ronald Colman is a son of Heaven, too. When "Epitaph" (Rita Hayworth) returns to earth to star herself in a Broadway show, she falls in love with Larry Parks, and the Boys have a hard time selling her on returning to Heaven. (Columbia)



Let's Talk Things Over with ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"

My boy-friend is about one and a half inches shorter than I am. My girl-friends tease, so that when I go out anywhere it makes me feel self-conscious. I feel as though everyone is watching and talking about us.—Kitty H., aged 16, Ohio.

MOST girls do like boy-friends taller than themselves; and most boys are eager to tower above. But, apart from getting enough vitamins and sleep and carrying themselves well, neither boys nor girls can do much about changing things like their height. So, that's that! Incidentally, Kitty's friend may already have started to shoot up or soon will, for boys have a way of doing that, even though not always as fast as they'd like.

Whether or not Kitty will always be a bit on the tall side and her pal quite the opposite, she can just say a cheerful, "So what!" And remind herself sensibly that she chooses her friends for themselves. She can also decide not to let her girl-friends' teasing get her down. That's strictly up to her. She can either act riled or she can manage things better by laughing off some of their remarks, changing the subject, putting the girls in their places in a good-humored way, or—the most effective way—simply paying no attention to these teasing remarks.

It would be a good idea for Kitty to get it out of her head that "everyone is watching and talking." Ideas like that do creep up on us sometimes — usually when we're feeling sort of unsure about things — and they may become pesky, if we let them take hold. The fact is that people are usually busy with their own affairs. Moreover, a girl can easily start imagining unpleasant things or reading into little, passing glances, words, or facial expressions mean-

ings not actually there at all!

Kitty will have to realize, as we all do sooner or later, that we cannot choose just the things we want. Not all the boys are tall, dark, and handsome. Our jobs are not just what we would particularly choose, our homes are not made to fit our every dream. We learn to adjust to conditions, try to do what we can about them.

Size is not as important as character. Of course, at sixteen, an inch and a half may be very important to Kitty, especially when the other girls tease her! She should be meeting other boys, taller and not so tall. However, she will realize, as she does meet others, that she will like some more than the rest, but for better reasons than their height.

Mother says that I should listen to my sister because she is two years older than I. So my sister tells me to do what she's supposed to do and if I disobey her she tattletales to mother and I get heck. I come home from school at four o'clock and I'm supposed to have supper ready (Mother works), housework done, and my homework done before seven. I hope to save enough money to be able to run away from home. Will you please help me before I decide what to do?—Annette C., aged 15, British Columbia.

ONE thing that should make Annette feel better about her problems is the fact that teen-age sisters are pretty sure not to get along perfectly all the time. Another hopeful thing is that they can get straightened out in good time and become friends as well as sisters! Of course, they will both have to work at this. Another thing to remember is that an older sister is more likely to be pleasant when she herself has things to be happy about. Instead of "bossing" she can become helpful to a younger sister and even teach her a good many valuable things. Has Annette ever stopped to think about her sister in this way, and asked herself what she can do so that they may become better friends? Annette and her sister should have ways of enjoying one another now, too. For example, they could go to certain movies together, attend high-school games, arrange a surprise or go shopping for a gift for their parents. The two girls could also get together to work out better and more just ways of sharing household jobs.

While Annette can join in some of her sister's activities, she must recognize that each girl needs friends and a life of her own—not only because their ages are different, but also because they are and will always remain two different people. Her sister may be able to give Annette some good advice about matters that bother her. And in turn Annette could help her sister entertain her friends or offer to go on certain important errands. This kind of give and take should make for more sympathy and understanding. Perhaps then there will be less time for unpleasantness and foolish "bossing" so that the little disappointments or the few bad times which are bound to come now and then will

(Continued on page 56)



"Gerald says he's lucky to know a girl like me—a startling beauty with magnificent poise and glorious personality who can help him with his math and English homework."

FOOTBALL FARE

After the game, team up with these tasty dishes from down Mexico way and win a rousing cheer from the gang

By JANE RICHARDS, Food Editor

JUNIOR
HOUSEKEEPING
DEPT.

IT certainly was a wonderful game! True, you do feel as though somebody's used the veto on your feet—they've been numb for hours. Your nose is cold, your ears are cold, your hands are almost as remote as your feet. But it was a wonderful game, and everyone's going to Beth's for supper—here's hoping it isn't fruit salad and ice cream!

But Beth scores, too—she produces the most wonderful chili. With all the trimmings, just like a Mexican meal, and does the gang go for it? That's no joke! She learned how to make them on a ranching trip. Here's what she did:

Chili Con Carne

She bought two pounds of lean beef and had it cut in cubes, bite-size. Then Saturday morning she made her chili, so she'd only have to heat and serve it. First she browned the cubed beef on all its sides in 4 tablespoons of oil in a frying pan. (If you're not allowed to dip into the oil, use 4 tablespoons of shortening or the same amount of bacon fat or drippings.) As the pieces were finished she transferred them to a big casserole. In the same oil, when the beef was all browned, she dumped 1 cup of minced onions, 1 tablespoon of paprika, 2 cloves of garlic, 2 tablespoons of chili powder, 1 teaspoon (scant) of oregano, which is a kind of marjoram, she says, and a pinch of cumin. She stirred and shook the pan while the onions lightly browned. Then she (Continued on page 60)

It's a good idea to get your chili ready for the casserole ahead of time.



JABBERWOCKY and JIVE

THIS fall, we've staffed the ideal school for you. (You're allowed to dream.) We'll bet that you'll never be Bored of Education now—but sumpin' tells us that school was never like this.

Principal—Donald Meek
Dean of Girls—Van Johnson
Dean of Boys—Lauren Bacall
Girls' Glue Club—Bing Crosby,
Frank Sinatra, Dick Haymes, and
Perry Como
Boys' Glee Club—Dinah Shore,
Jo Stafford, and Ginny Simms
Band—Harry James
Girls' Sports—Jon Hall
Boys' Sports—Esther Williams
Dancing—Fred Astaire
Psychology—Ingrid Bergman
Spanish—Carmen Miranda
Latin—Arturo de Cordova

French—Jean Pierre Aumont
Speech—Donald Duck
Good Looks—Boris Karloff

And how about **CALLING ALL GIRLS** as a textbook?

DAFFYNISHUNS

Allie Oop—Indecisive guy
Putty putty—A car
Puppy love—Beginning of a
dog's life
Feed bag time—Time to eat
Cement mixer—New wolf cry
Concrete—Solid
Wheel—Guy who gets around
Veto—No
Vooty-gooty—Very good
M.A.S.—Man about school
G.A.S.—Girl about school
Clutch—A gal
Muddy—Thick

N.C.—No comment
Dreambox—Your head
S.H.—Shining hour
Confidential agent—Best friend
L.O.P.—Life of the party
Pucker paint—Lipstick
Ding ho—O. K.

BLIND DATE BLUES

My friends' blind dates are tall
and sharp,
But have you looked at mine?
They are the perfect cross between
An ape and Frankenstein.

They say men can have brain *and*
looks
But my man never does.
I know now why they're called
blind dates.
Sometimes I wish I was.

Some dates should still be in short
pants,
And some are turning gray.
The one who really fazed me
Was the guy in the toupée.

And some recite the almanac
Without a breathing space,
While others prove they're noth-
ing but
A vacuum with a face.

They tell me that life always has
A way of compensating.
Some day I'll have blind date
success—
But, gosh, I'm tired of waiting.

RADIO DAFFIES

Let's Pretend—Van just phoned
Duffy's Tavern—The Spa was
never like this
Information, Please—Exam
time

A Date with Judy—Hubba hub-
ba

The Quiz Kids—You make the
honor roll

Truth or Consequences—Inter-
view with Mom on subject of late
date

The Lone Ranger—Town wolf
Inner Sanctum—The principal's
office

You can dream, can't you? And
you can make it pay off by dreaming
up an Utterly Fantastic Situation gag.
Send in your original gag to Jabber-
wocky and Jive Editor, *Calling All
Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York
17, N. Y. If it clicks, our artist will
draw the cartoons and you will get \$1
on publication. All gags we buy be-
come the property of *Calling All
Girls*. None of them can be acknowl-
edged or returned.

UTTERLY FANTASTIC SITUATION



"Dad wants me to have a new formal for every dance.
Sometimes fathers can be so irritating!"

Pretty soft for wool date dresses



Isn't winter wonderful? It's so full of holidays and parties and dates. Thanksgiving's almost here, Christmas isn't very far off—and there are lots of soft wool date dresses like these to help you make the most of the good times that are ahead.

Above—Push-up sleeves, shirred fullness, and plenty of exciting details on wool and rayon frocks by Teen Trends. Don't overlook the wonderful necklace neckline of the dress at right; you could wear your pearls on it, too. About \$15 each. Fur and felt half-hats by Anso, about \$3 each.

Right—A winter white wool dress that's washable! Won't shrink or mat because it's Lana-set processed. Gold belt and buttons, push-up sleeves. About \$23 by Crestlee. Date hat by Betmar. Soft wool date dresses in Teen Departments of Official Headquarters Stores, page 82.



OH, SAY CAN YOU SKI!



It's easy, once you know how to balance yourself—and your budget. Famous skiwear authority, Fred Picard of Sun Valley, advises teens to start with a Zelan processed cotton windbreaker, plaid lined, and wool trousers by White Stag. Peel off accessories in layers as the weather warms up. Wool gloves by Nolan under Spunsun ski mittens, insulated with Fibre Glass. Light and heavy wool socks by Randolph Knit. Wear either jacquard sweater over a thinner sweater. Turtle-neck shield design by Jantzen; Winnie Wool stag sweater by Rosswell. Belt Modes pocket belt for convenience; Greta Plattry Mocassox for after-ski coziness. Tie-Top cap by Stadium. Ski shoes by Sandler. All moderately priced and all except the shoes, practical for regular cold weather wear.



"Jane took her camera to the last rehearsal and did the cast have a grand time posing for posterity! The actors think Jane's pictures are great . . . and everyone wants prints."

* * *

Snapshots are always tops with the gang. They're fun to take . . . even more fun to share . . .

Making snapshots is easy. You frame your picture in the view-finder . . . and "click." Anyone can get swell pictures right from the start with Kodak Verichrome Film. You press the button—it does the rest! . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Night or day—inside or out
Brownie Flash Six-20

Here's a thrill—shooting pictures inside your home or in the dark anywhere. For daylight outdoors, you simply remove the Flashholder (extra). There are not enough cameras for everyone yet, so keep in touch with your Kodak dealer.



America's favorite snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film—in the familiar yellow box

Kodak

TRICKS for TEENS

Lend Us Your Ears—We'll help you decorate 'em with some new tricks. Such as: Pasting bows of material, left over from that dress you made, on earring clips.—*Joan Francis, Lake Worth Fla.* Or adding a feminine frill of baby lace, starched, also pasted on clips, with a tiny

Reconversion Period—If your clothes and gadgets have been through the war of everyday wear and tear, you may want to reconvert. You'll be looking for something to kick about when you show off the plaid inserted in the kick pleat of your pale pastel skirt.—*Helen McDougall, Kingston, Ont.* In anticipation of a rainy day, why not convert your worn-out shower curtain into a bag which will protect your school-books. You can bind it with contrasting rickrack.—*Ann Masternick, Youngstown, Ohio.* Brightly-painted screws and nuts make unbeatable cuff links.—*Nancy Joy Kempka, Berwyn, Ill.* Your belt and your purse can get together to make a nifty shoulder bag. Slip the matching belt under your purse top.—*Lillian Warneki, New Britain, Conn.*

Frame Your Friends—Slit a one-inch cork halfway down the middle. Photo fans can insert their friends' pictures in the slot and letter the initials of the friend in the picture in water color on the front of the cork. Try this idea with party place cards, too.—*Norma Niedermeyer, Bellaire, Ohio.* Or remove the strings from your worn-out tennis racket and frame your favorite picture, backed with cardboard. Hang the racket at an angle on your wall.—*I. Barclay, San Bruno, Calif.*

Waistline Whimsies—Stud your belt with colored thumbtacks in any design and color your heart desires. Hammer the points down on the back of the belt.—*Dolores Marie Hegcox, Rankin, Pa.* The front of Dad's suspenders makes a nifty belt. On one end you'll find two buttonholes. Sew a button on the end which you snipped off and loop both buttonholes over the button. (If you don't want Dad to use the suspenders on you, check with him before you make off with his favorite pair.) —*Lois Logan, Warren, Pa.* Here's one you can make almost on a shoestring—literally speaking. A strip of black, dull-finish oilcloth, two and one-half inches wide, laced and tied in front with a black shoe-string, publicizes your slim waist. Since autographing is so much the rage, why not have the gang write their names all over the belt for you in white ink?—*Mary Patrick, Wilcox, Pa.*



button sewed in the center.—*Mary Ann Nordman, Cloquet, Minn.* They'll have you stamped as a slick chick if you back a colorful postage stamp with cardboard and an earring clip.—*Ruth Smith, Woodside, N. Y.*



\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

We want new and different tricks. Every girl has bright ideas! What are yours? Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address *Tricks for Teens, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.* All entries become the property of *Calling All Girls*. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

Are you in the know?



Which plaid should "chubby" pick?

- ☐ A kingly design
- ☐ A petite pattern
- ☐ Neither

Even if you're a plumpish pigeon, you, too, can wear plaids. But whether jumbo or tiny patterns intrigue you—pick neither. A medium size plaid is your best bet. And speaking of sizes, here's a thought for certain times: Only Kotex has 3 sizes, for different women, different days—Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. So you can choose the size that's best for you. What's more, every Kotex napkin contains a deodorant—to help you stay dainty



For lip-appeal plus, should you—

- ☐ Wear a sultry shade
- ☐ Use a lip brush
- ☐ Revise the shape of your mouth

If you'd have lush-looking lips—know your pucker-paint technique. Choose a true red on you it looks better than sultry, tiger-woman shades. And don't try to re-shape your mouth! Carefully following its contour with a lip brush can give you lip appeal plus; added self-assurance. Extra poise on problem days means—Kotex. Because, for extra protection, Kotex has an exclusive safety center to keep you super confident!



Should you agree to meet your "squire"?

- ☐ If it's more practical
- ☐ To show you're not stuffy
- ☐ No, nay, never!

That squire's a square who doesn't call for his gal! Unless there's a good reason. For instance, on a theatre date—if you live miles out and he works late, it's more practical to meet. For meeting "your public" on trying days, it's practical to choose Kotex. Because the flat tapered ends of Kotex free you from tell-tale outline cares. You get that high octane kind of confidence with Kotex!

When a blind date's disappointing, would you—

- ☐ Back out gracefully
- ☐ Make like a martyr
- ☐ Grin and bear it

Your blind date's gruesome? Grin and bear it! Even stupor-man has feelings. Besides, he probably has friends... dream-beam material you'll get to know, in time. So stay in the picture; whether it's dancing, bowling or whatever. And on calendar days let Kotex keep you comfortable, with out-of-this-world softness that lasts because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Yes, with Kotex you can keep smiling!

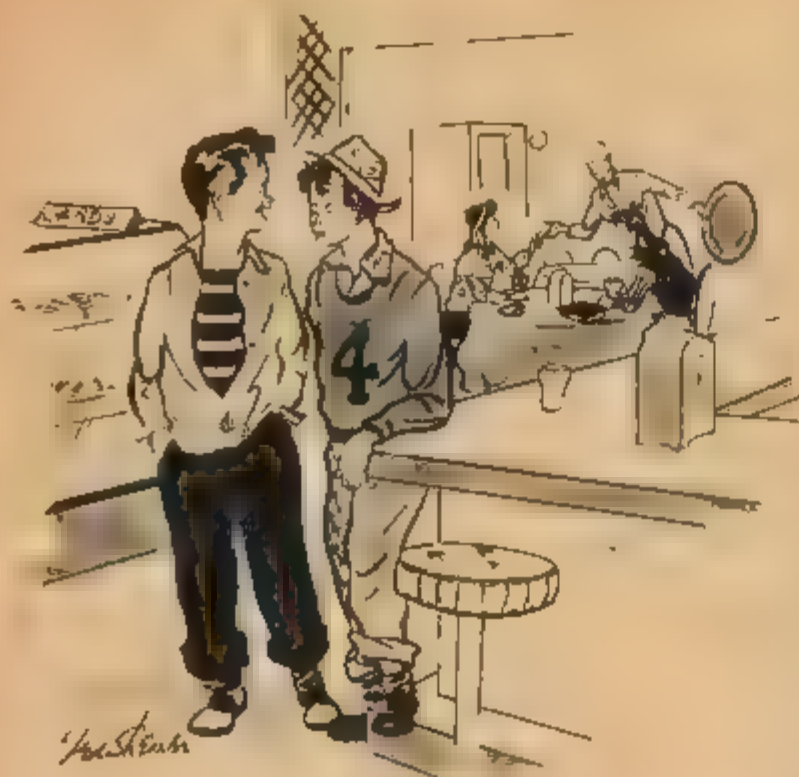


*More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins*

A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost
When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GOOD FOR GIGGLES



"It's O.K. to move in now. They just paid their check!"



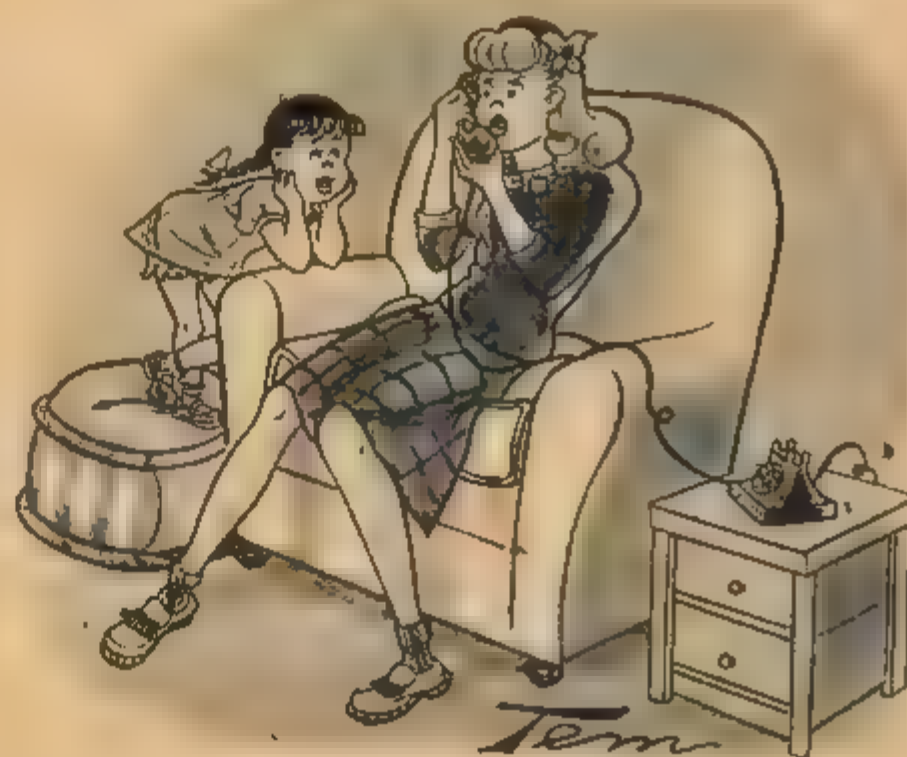
"It's not that I can't have plenty of dates. It's just that I'm being true to Van Johnson."



"I didn't realize this was what you had in mind when you asked me over to cut a rug."



"Buzzy calls me his dream girl—but he doesn't pay much attention to me when he's awake!"



"Well, yes, I have a sister, but . . ."



"Sis is sure Smart!
She **COLD WAVES** her
hair and mine at home
...Just like mother does!"



Imagine... *Charm-Kurl*
COLD WAVES in 2 to 3 hours
...Yet costs only 98¢

Millions of thrifty girls are giving themselves and each other glamorous Charm-Kurl Cold Waves at home. It's fun. It's exciting and so economical, too. Think of it,—with the new laboratory tested Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave Kit it's done in 2 to 3 hours and you save up to \$14.00 or more. Your curls will be tighter, your waves more manageable and they'll last months and months. If your hair-do is "flat top" use Charm-Kurl for your end curls. It helps keep frizzy ends in place. Get a Charm-Kurl kit or two today,—thrill to new hair beauty by tonight.

- Perfect Comfort
- "Takes" on Coarse or Fine Hair
- Your COLD WAVE Permanent will last months and months
- Satisfaction or Money Back



Each kit is
complete with
curlers. Nothing
else to buy

THE NEW

Charm-Kurl
SUPREME COLD WAVE HOME KIT

Now Only

98¢

PLUS
14¢ TAX

IN CANADA \$1.35

FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, COSMETIC AND NOTION COUNTERS

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

CARNIVAL MYSTERY

(Continued from page 36)

ceremoniously, in the direction the old man and his grandson had taken.

Even though they paused long enough to take a turn on the scooter course, Kay had a feeling that Cramer was shadowing the Barlows. Now he never stopped to ask her and Red where they wanted to go; he just dragged them along with him. Kay tried to whisper something to Red, but Cramer was too close at hand. Only once when Cramer was buying another pink lemonade was she alone with Red.

"What a swell guy!" Red was enthusiastic.

"Uh-huh. But he's on somebody's trail, and he thinks the Barlows are going to lead him there."

"Don't be silly," retorted Red. "The Barlows aren't even in sight."

Before Kay had time to say anything, Laughton Cramer returned, juggling the drinks. As they started down the path, Kay noticed that there was no sign of the Barlows.

"Look!" she pointed excitedly.

In front of a gaudy canopy leading into a tent, a boldly-lettered sign proclaimed: "The Sultan of Ozo. Let him gaze into your future."

Red grunted disgustedly. "Fortune telling. Phooey."

But Cramer joined forces with Kay. She went in first, and Cramer and Red waited outside.

"She's certainly getting deep into the future," Red complained as the minutes dragged by.

"Here she is now. From her expression, it must have been quite a future," Cramer chuckled.

It was obvious that Kay had learned something startling. Excitement all but oozed from her pores. She rushed toward them eagerly. "Red, you go next. Hurry!"

Red backed away shocked. "Me? Heck no! That's sissy stuff!"

"Please, Red." Kay's eyes were signaling some kind of message. "You've got to go in."

"Be a sport, Red," Cramer chimed in. "Maybe you'll get some inside dope on Kay." He shoved his hands in his pockets and winked at Red.

Grudgingly, Red shrugged his shoulders and started for Ozo's tent.

Kay took a quick step after him, and whispered hastily, "Take a good look at his face."

Inside Red wondered how he was supposed to take a good look at anything. The only light in the tent came from a shaded bulb that suffused the Sultan's table with a mysterious red glow. A bizarre robe was flung around the Sultan's shoulders. Red put his elbows on the table and leaned forward.

Outside the tent, Kay tried her best to contain her excitement

and make conversation with Cramer.

"What did he tell you? Any tall, dark men in your life?" Cramer was asking interestedly.

Kay snorted. "No men. He told me I had a promising career. Lots of money, but I should beware of a big blue sedan car."

"That sounds intriguing," Cramer approved. "What else did he say?"

"Nothing much. Oh, he gave me his autograph." She tapped her album contentedly with her fingers.

Cramer's eyes widened. "Let's see." He was leafing quickly through the pages when Red came out.

Kay turned away from Cramer and hurried toward Red. "See what I meant?" she whispered eagerly.

"And how!" Red nodded energetically. "Talk about it later."

Together they walked back to Cramer, but Cramer had switched from a good-natured host to a serious-faced man, deep in thought.

Handing the album back to Kay, he excused himself. "Sorry to leave you so abruptly, but it's later than I thought, I'd better get back to the inn and work on my lecture for tonight. Thanks for joining me."

Before they had a chance to thank him, he tipped his hat and strode rapidly toward the exit.

"What do you suppose got into him?" Red ran his fingers through his hair in bewilderment.

"Never mind him," Kay interrupted impatiently. "Did you recognize the Sultan?"

"Sure. Old Moneybags, the guy we surprised listening in on the extension in the Barlows' living room."



These two Yugoslav girls are at work helping to build a railroad between two of their cities, Bosnia and Banowitch. The Yugoslav Youth Movement, which numbers over 26,000 girls and boys, pledged Marshal Tito they would rush completion of the much-needed rail line. *Press Association Photo.*

"What do you make of it?" Kay's voice was low and tense. "Why do you suppose the Sultan of Ozo was going through Mr. Barlow's desk?"

"Maybe he was looking for a key to Barlow's future," Red grinned.

"This is no time for corny jokes." Kay glared at Red. "Why should Barlow be giving Ozo all that money?"

"We don't really know that he did." Red was being logical again.

"My aching back!" Kay exploded. "Ozo wouldn't decide to haul out his own wallet to check on his cash as he was leaving the Barlows' house! Any moron could tell someone just gave him that money."

"Kay, look!" Red pointed to the Carnival gate. There was Laughton Cramer, deep in conversation with none other than Mr. Barlow. Even from a distance you could tell they were not exchanging pleasantries.

Kay felt an involuntary shiver. "They're all in together on something very phony," she guessed. "I sure would like to know what it's all about."

"They're in cahoots, all right," Red agreed reluctantly.

Kay knew she was winning Red over to her side now, and she kept right on with her arguments. "Did you notice how Cramer kept us moving around the Carnival? And how he studied all the faces of everybody who works here? And how anxious he was to tail the Barlows?"

When Red began to scowl fiercely, Kay knew he was convinced. But his voice was more puzzled than ever. "But if Cramer were in cahoots with Ozo, wouldn't he know Ozo worked in the Carnival?"

"Not necessarily," Kay volunteered excitedly. "If Ozo's Sultan act is just a cover, he must be hiding from something. And maybe even his accomplices don't know about it."

Red shook his head. "I still don't know what we can do about it."

Triumphantly Kay pulled out her autograph album. "Well, I did something about it already. I got the Sultan's signature in my book."

"What good is that going to do us?"

"Well," admitted Kay, "I don't know right now. But it might come in handy." She looked through the album and frowned. Impatiently she leafed through the pages again more systematically. The frown deepened. "Red! It's gone!"

"You just got it. How can it be gone?" Red seized the album and carefully turned each page. The Sultan's signature was not there. Only a small, jagged piece of paper remained where the page had been ripped out.

(To be continued)

TEEN-AGERS! Win \$1250.00 IN PRIZES

HERE'S WHAT YOU CAN WIN IN ROYAL CROWN COLA'S CONTEST

- 1ST PRIZE . . . \$200 in U. S. Savings Bonds
 2ND PRIZE . . . \$100 in U. S. Savings Bonds
 3RD PRIZE . . . \$50 in U. S. Savings Bonds
 NEXT 10 PRIZES . . . \$5 in Records
 NEXT 80 PRIZES . . . \$2.50 in Records

HERE'S WHAT YOUR TEEN-AGE CLUB CAN WIN

- 1ST PRIZE . . . Wurlitzer K 1015 Phonograph
 (bottom, turntable lighted 24-record capacity)
 2ND PRIZE . . . R.C. (Kohmster) Electric Cooler
 3RD PRIZE . . . Royal Crown Cola Ice Cooler
 NEXT 10 PRIZES . . . \$5 in Records
 NEXT 80 PRIZES . . . \$2.50 in Records



IT'S EASY!

All you have to do is write a 100-word letter on the subject: "THE MOST INTERESTING ACTIVITY OF OUR TEEN-AGE CLUB OR YOUTH CENTER!"

You win a prize and your club wins a prize in this unusual contest! For example: If you win first prize of \$200 in U.S. Savings Bonds, your club wins the big Wurlitzer phonograph (juke box). The other prizes are awarded on the same basis.

186 prizes in all! Easy to win, too. Here's all you do: Just write a letter 100 words or less on the subject: "The most interesting activity of our teen age club or youth center." Nothing fancy or difficult—just like writing to a pal. Letters will be judged on their neatness, clearness and sincerity. The decision of the judges will be final. All letters become property of Royal Crown Cola and can not be returned. Follow the simple rules and mail your letter to address in box below or before November 30, 1946.

YOU WIN—YOUR CLUB WINS! LOOK AT THESE SWELL PRIZES!

A BIG FREE BOOK FOR EACH CONTESTANT!

"Teen Talk Tips," a colorful new booklet, gives practical hints on entertainments, dances and interest groups for your club. It's packed with ideas! Royal Crown Cola is proud and glad to send it to you FREE!



ROYAL CROWN COLA



MAIL YOUR LETTER WITH THIS COUPON

- 1 Print your name and address plainly at top of paper
- 2 State your age.
- 3 List name of your teen-age club or youth center.
- 4 Mail your entry on or before Nov. 30, 1946, to:

ROYAL CROWN COLA
 DEPT. CG, CONTEST
 COLUMBUS, GEORGIA

WHAT'S the word, keen teens? *Fashion*, that's it! And what a whirl it's got **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Club members in these days. Reason why? Fashion shows are being held here, there, and everywhere, and right up at the top with swoonderful fashions is the **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Back-to-School Movie featured at a lot of those shows. As we go to press, looks as though plenty of you will get your opportunity to see the movie in some one of the many stores where it's appearing. Some of you are seeing yourselves (depends on if you were one of those super-lucky gals who won the **CALLING ALL GIRLS** 1946 Movie Contest, of course) as you want others to see you—in the very oomphiest of the back-to-school fashions. And at many of the showings, fashion editor Nancy Pepper is appearing in person to tell all about the movie and to give tips on

CLUB NEWS

what's tops for teens in the way of wearables.

In many of the Headquarters Stores, there's some new and different slant to the showings this fall. For instance, imagine being asked to judge a whole new line of teen-age dresses, and knowing that the ones you liked best were going to be featured by the manufacturer. That's what happened to **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Club members at Famous-Barr Company's store in St. Louis, Mo.

But fashion isn't confined to the fall showings. You'll hear it on the **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Club of the Air along with a lot of things that really

are fun. There's that gal Jenny Jabberwocky slinging slangue at the gorgeous glamour-stars of stage and radio, that Man with the Voice, Dick Brown, giving out with all your favorite songs, and many of your problems about how to be a date-

dish solved for you by Nancy Pepper—they're yours for the listening on the **CALLING ALL GIRLS** show.

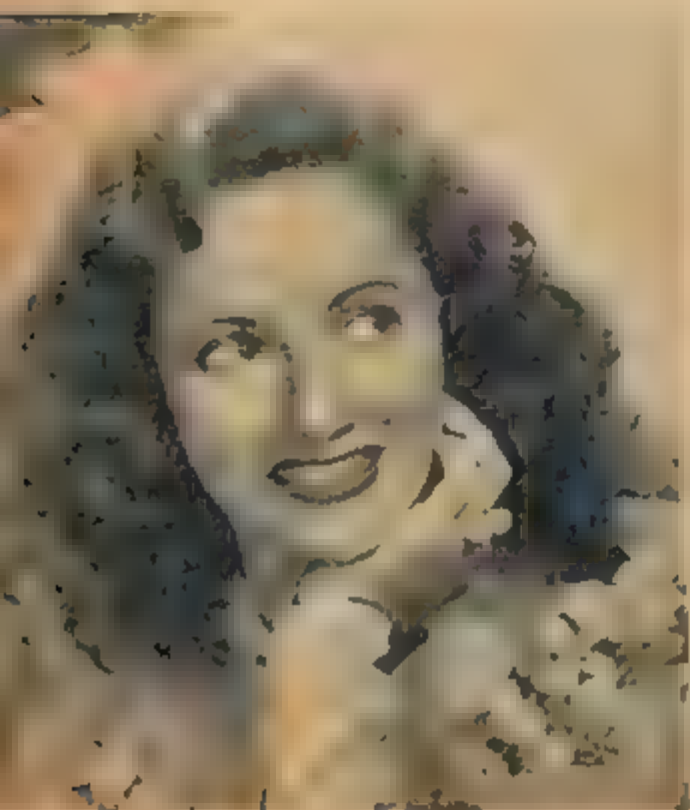
So—if you're near a store that sponsors the **CALLING ALL GIRLS** radio show, tune in—and happy listening! Or, in many of the Official Headquarters Stores (you'll find a list of them on page 82) you can register as a member of the **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Club. Out of luck on that score? Then write to Linda Allen, National Director, **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Club of the Air, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and tell her about it. She might be able to do something about it for you.



At a Fashion Preview and Coke Party at Famous-Barr Company, Official Headquarters Store in St. Louis, Mo., *Calling All Girls* Club members served as Fashion Critics for the new line of Suzy Que teen fashions manufactured in St. Louis.



Droops changed to slick chicks at the Hale Bros. *Calling All Girls* show in San Francisco featuring prize-winning jacquard sweaters. Louanne Cota, left, and Janice Johnson, right, took tips from Margaret Clifton and Ramona Gardiner.



Left—Whether it's blues or ballads, jazz or classics doesn't matter—just so it's music, she'll sing it, top radio vocalist Connie Boswell promised the *Calling All Girls* radio audience when she was guest star on one of our broadcasts. That's what she likes to do best.



Right—*Calling All Girls* Club members, at the Herz Store, Headquarters at Terre Haute, Ind., sketch favorite fashions from the teen department each week. Left to right, winners Jackie Notley, Barbara Parr, and Mary Jean Burger receive their awards. Their sketches will appear in the newspaper.



Meet the Fashion Authority Board of Kresge-Newark, Headquarters Store in Newark, N. J. These girls were chosen from the *Calling All Girls* Club to help club members choose their back-to-school wardrobes. Left to right, front row: Florence Kurts of Irvington High; Joan Jordan, director of the Kresge-Newark CAG Corner; Elaine Sageden of Connecticut Farms Junior High. Second row: Nancy Buckley of Orange High; Pauline O'Reilly of West Side High. On top: June Friery of Maryland School.



Dolores Tiedge, *Calling All Girls* Movie Contest winner from Robertson Bros., Headquarters in South Bend, Ind., couldn't get to New York with the other winners, so she came all by herself for a glorious visit. Here's Nancy Pepper doing the honors on the CAG radio show.

Below—At the Double Feature show at O'Neils, Headquarters in Akron, Ohio, Nancy Pepper quizzes popular radio man, Allan Freed, left, on teen fashions, while Janet Rogers, right, models one.



OH THOSE NEW Red Goose

SHOES



If it's new shoes
you're a 'hankerin'

for... your Red Goose

dealer is the one to see

... 'cause you'll find a Red

Goose Shoe in his store to

fit every occasion... from

school and just knocking

around to Big Moments.

Better get the Red Goose

habit right away... and then

you, too, will learn why they're

"HALF THE FUN OF HAVING FEET"



RED GOOSE DIVISION • INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS

When writing to advertisers, please mention *CALLING ALL GIRLS*.

APRON STRINGS

(Continued from page 11)

to her resolution. She had to make herself solid with Beryl. With Beryl and the crowd she was drawing around her. Boys like Gil and Roger. Girls like Hannah and Kit. Lucy hung on the fringe, waiting for Beryl's look, her words. When Beryl included her, she was in the seventh heaven. When there was something afoot, Beryl was at the root of it—something exciting, something different. And Lucy was determined not to be left out.

It took weeks to get over that trip to the country, but Beryl wasn't one to hold a thing against you too long. She really seemed to like Lucy. Lucy felt proud, elated; her self-esteem rose. It was something to be in the good graces of a girl like Beryl. She had a hard time, sometimes, keeping up with Beryl's idea of freedom, but she did her best. Relations at home were becoming somewhat difficult; her mother looked at her oddly, but said little. Her father talked to her, one evening, about her attitude, but she held her chin high and let his words slip over her consciousness.

She knew it was worth it all when Beryl stopped her in the school corridor one day.

"Lucy!" she cried hurriedly. "I've the most marvelous plan! It's super!"

"Yes?" Lucy breathed.

"We're going down to the game at Halstead next Saturday. Roger has the tickets. We'll go in Gil's car, see the game, have dinner, go to the dance, and then spend the night at Gil's uncle's apartment. We'll probably stay over Sunday, too. . . Well, how does the plan sound to you?"

"D'you mean—you mean you want me to go along?" Lucy felt as if she were squeaking.

Beryl laughed. "Of course, nitwit! The four of us. I don't know of anyone I'd rather have go along. And you like Roger and Gil, don't you?"

Lucy nodded. Words absolutely failed her. It would be heavenly. Roger and Gil were boys of Beryl's caliber; they seemed older, more—well, there was that word sophisticated again, but it *did* express what she meant. They were keen about Beryl. They even seemed to like her. It would be out of this world to be included in that foursome. As for the week end—if she had dreamed it up herself, she couldn't have approached it. She saw

herself jumping up and down in excitement at the game, wedged between the two boys; having dinner at a little table at the inn, with candlelight making their eyes shine. She saw herself floating in Roger's and then in Gil's arms at the dance, meeting other boys, new ones. But even if she didn't, it wouldn't matter.

"You'll go, won't you?" Beryl, oddly enough, sounded positively anxious. Lucy felt so flattered her heart nearly burst.

"Oh, Beryl, you know how I'd love it! I'll—I'll let you know."

With those words, it was as if an icy hand fell on her. She'd have to get her parents' permission, of course, and suppose—suppose . . . But good heavens, what possible objection could they have?

She waited for a propitious moment to broach it to them. Her father had lighted one of his favorite cigars; her mother was in a glow because of something the head of the Red Cross had said to her.

"Mother—Dad . . ." she began, looking appealingly from one to the other.

And then she told them. Her eyes glistened, her breath came fast. So much, so much depended on this! She tried to make it sound just right.

A tense, strained expression crossed her mother's face. "It's out of the question. How do you feel, Jim?"

Mr. Merritt looked shocked. "Of course. It wouldn't do at all."

Lucy stared at them in abject horror. It wasn't possible—it just wasn't possible!

"But why?" she demanded hotly.

"Who is Gil's uncle?" Mrs. Merritt inquired.

"I—why, Gil's uncle."

"You don't know his name?"

"No, but I could find out."

"Is he married?"

"No, he's a bachelor."

"Would he be there? Is there anyone in the apartment other than himself?"

"He has a housekeeper, I think," Beryl said. "Maybe he'd be there, maybe not. He travels around."

Under questioning they brought out that the housekeeper might not be there either. She'd been ailing; she often took the week ends off.

"It wouldn't do, Lucy," Mr. Merritt said. "I know how decent you all are. But it's the wrong set-up."

"You see, dear," her mother said gently, "not everybody knows you as we do. If anything happened, if you were staying in the apartment alone—the four of you—it wouldn't look right. The world has a way of talking; and the only thing to do is never give it a chance to talk."

But Lucy saw only that she was being forbidden to go. Tears failed to move them. Arguments. Everything. It wasn't the kind of party they wanted her to go on.

"You'd better let Beryl know, Luce," her father said.

Lucy sat stunned and miserable. How could she ever tell Beryl? She'd have to drag herself over there, meet Beryl's contemptuous eyes, tell her the decision, knowing that this marked the end.

She took the long way, trying to think of some way to break it that would do the least harm. But it was hopeless, however you looked at it. Beryl had freedom; she had none. Beryl was grown up; she was still considered a child. The humiliation weighed on her till she felt she couldn't bear it.

It took all her courage to ring the bell. Beryl came to the door herself. She took one look at Lucy's face.

"What's the matter?"

All the ways she had thought of breaking it deserted her. Lucy blurted out, "I can't go, Beryl."

Beryl pulled her into the living room. There was no one about; the radio was going.

"Why not?" Beryl asked curiously. "Tell me, Lucy."

Lucy sank in a chair and told Beryl what



"Mother doesn't seem to share my school spirit."

her parents had said. In her fury and hurt she left out nothing.

There was a long pause, a queer pause. Beryl said at last, "You lucky thing!"

Lucy's head jerked up. "Lucky?" she repeated stupidly.

"Lucky," Beryl said again. "I wish I had a family like that." Lucy had never heard that note in Beryl's voice. Wistful—young. "I'd give everything I have in the world to have a family that cared."

She got up and walked the length of the living room, flopped down on the couch facing Lucy. "Maybe you don't know it, but I'm tired of being on my own, doing as I please. Sometimes I don't know *what* to do, but there's nobody to ask. Mother's too busy being social. Father—Father's a sort of—remote person; I can't come close to him. They're always out. Haven't you noticed they're never here when the gang comes? They ask me sometimes, if they remember, if I had a good time wherever I was; but they don't care where I was."

Lucy was trying to take it in. "But I thought . . ." she hesitated.

"You thought how grand it was, didn't you?" Beryl said bitterly. "Well, it's fun for a while, but not for always. That time you had to telephone—I never knew there were people like that. You can't imagine how I envied you. The boys tease you, but they like it. You ought to be glad your parents want to know where you are and who's who and why."

Lucy said slowly, "Well, you'll have a good time without me. Any of the other girls will be thrilled. . ."

Beryl said, "But we're not going. That's off."

"Off?"

"If your parents don't like the idea of the outing, it's off," Beryl announced. "Because there must be something wrong with it."

Beryl's voice wasn't at all disappointed; it was firm and sure. She sounded glad that the decision had been made for her.

"Listen," she leaned forward tensely, "when I'm all balled up about things, do you think I could come over sometimes and talk to your mother?"

Lucy swallowed hard. "Of course," she said. Her eyes lighted. "Why—it would be sort of like having you in the family, wouldn't it?"

Suddenly, and quite simply, she was glad, too. There would be other parties—plenty of them. The kind they could go to together. She laid her hand in Beryl's. "Why don't you come back with me right now? Dad will bring you home."

Beryl said with alacrity, "I'd love to!" She grinned at Lucy and Lucy, her heart full, grinned back. She and Beryl were on a firmer foundation now than they had ever been. She thought, with a shiver of pleasure, "I've found a real friend. And she's given me back my family."

going places

Tomboy's 7 14
Teener's 10 18

Tomboy 'n
teener are
getting around
in companion
classics by
PENTEEN.
A gala colorama
of whisper-
soft pure wool, to tuck fashion-
wise into the new skirts . . . show off your
hand-span belts. Short sleeves 'n long
sleeves, to mix 'n match, for traveling in the smartest young circles.

Pen Teen
100% WOOL

At your favorite store, or write

PENROSE KNITWEAR

1384 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 40)

will not seem to loom so large.

Annette will find that discussing her difficult afternoon schedule with her mother and sister and trying to work things out in a nice way is certainly better than growing angry, brooding, or feeling sorry for herself. Running away never solves any problems, even though there are times when many girls and boys feel like doing so—and grownups, too! There are some moments when we all feel that it would be wonderful to escape from our problems. We think that if we run away we will be appreciated, missed, and loved as never before. Well, as a matter of fact, the appreciation and love have usually been there all the time, in spite of perfectly normal unkind family feelings that sometimes come, too. Most of the young people who run away come running back home again pretty fast. Inside the family is a fine place to work out problems and learn to live together happily. This helps us also to live better in the outside world, too.

I am sixteen and I have never had a date. I go around with a group of girls, some of whom have had dates, but although most of them, like myself, have had crushes on boys, they never go any farther than one-sided affairs. I would like to know just what is wrong. Could it be the gang I go around with? I can't see why it should be. They are all nice and everyone likes us. I can dance, skate, swim, and I love sports, but I can't see why boys don't notice me. Are there any other girls as old as I am who have never had dates?
—Fay W., aged 16, Alabama.

WE'VE known many girls who haven't started having honest-to-goodness dates until they were older than sixteen—and haven't cared much about it either! And the best part of it is that many girls who start dating somewhat later have some mighty good times. Many interesting, peppy sixteen-year-olds have plenty of fun with groups of girls or with girls and boys together; they gradually go on to pairing off.

However, Fay can try to widen her groups of friends—for instance, by joining various clubs or groups,

which so often prove to be the starting places for other kinds of experience. In such groups a girl is likely to meet other young people who like the same sort of things she enjoys, and she'll also learn a lot about becoming, being, and having closer friends.

A few girls we knew very well sometimes did this sort of thing—they would plan a wienie-roast, boat trip, hiking party, or an at-home evening in one girl's home. When they invited the boys they'd ask them to bring certain girls to the affair. Naturally, after the party the boys escorted these girls home. It frequently happened that, in good time, various boys began dating individual girls.

Of course, a girl must remember to take into account some things she knows about her own group or community: Do the boys know that the girls don't expect to be taken out in grand style, that they'd adore just stopping in at the drugstore for a soda, that they'd enjoy just going skating now and then in twosomes? Do the boys have enough of an allowance or do they earn enough spending money for even small treats? Are some of the boys still a bit unsure and not up on their social techniques? The boys may be waiting to get up enough courage to ask girls on special dates. If Fay will go

on being her friendly self, if she avoids any temptation to overwork her efforts to make an impression, if she remembers that a cheery, attractive girl is pretty certain to get along—well, she's sure to win!

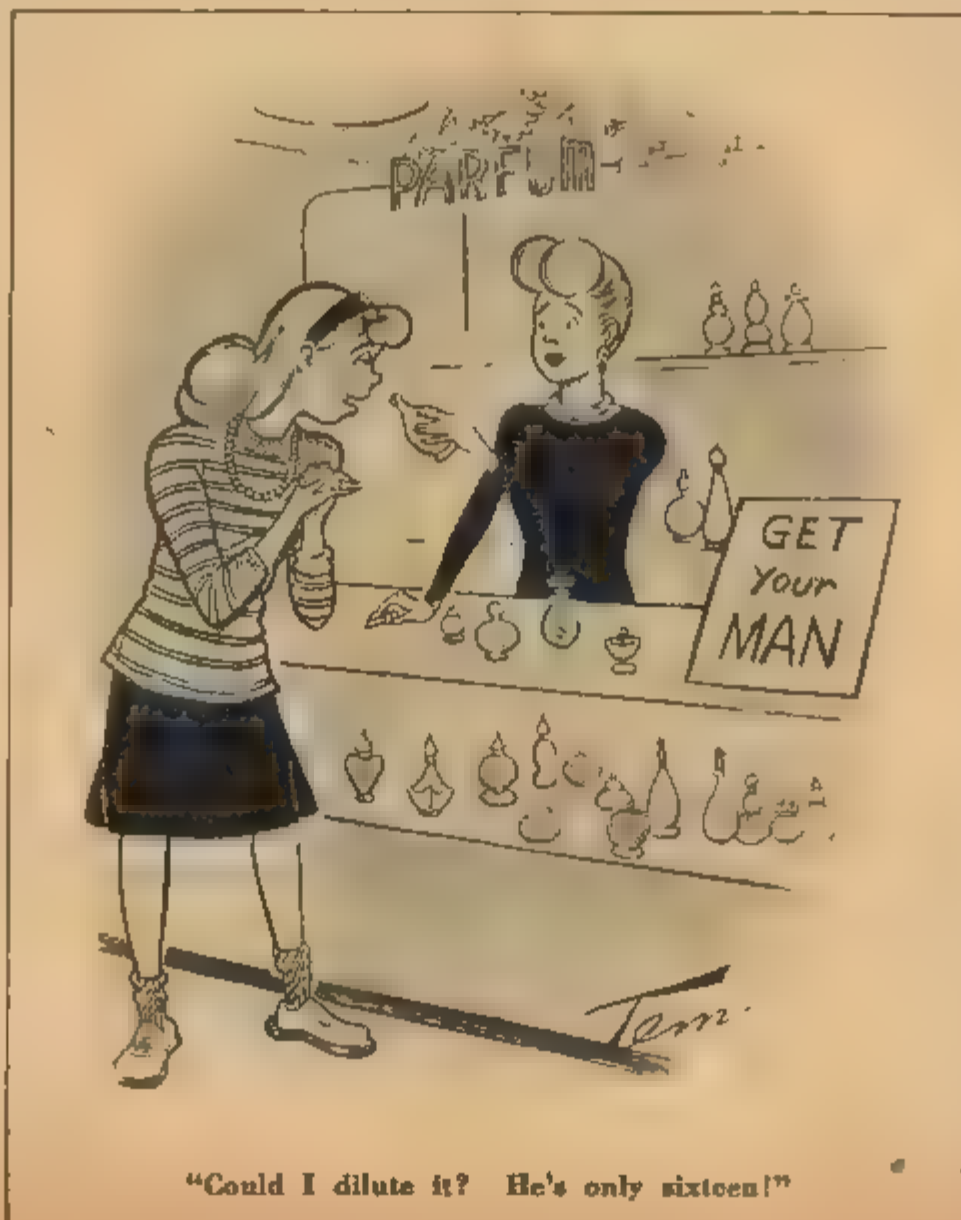
I have lived away from home since I was about nine years old, and my parents don't seem to be able to realize, now that I am home, I have changed. They think I am still a baby. They try to encourage my dating boys fifteen and sixteen—any older than sixteen is just too old. Could you advise me about this?
—Virginia M., aged 16, Florida.

SEVEN years away from home is a long time. Virginia and her parents will have to be patient with each other as they go about getting reacquainted. Probably Virginia's folks often find it hard to believe she's all of sixteen. Their memories of the little-girl days are so much clearer. But this happens sometimes even when parents and children have been living together right along.

Parents must learn to be happy and glad about their children's growing independence. There are times when a young girl wants to "spread her wings" and fly when and where her fancy wills. The whole idea gives her a wonderful sense of freedom and adventure. On the other hand, she also likes the warm feeling she gets inside because she knows her mom and dad are right there. They'll stand by when something goes wrong, or when she is unhappy; they'll rejoice at her success.

While Virginia is glad to know that her folks care enough about her to be deeply interested in her friendships, it is altogether natural for her to find boys a little older than herself attractive and appealing. We can't see why she shouldn't have dates with some nice, slightly older boys. It's also valuable for her to make friends with young people her own age.

It would be a good idea for Virginia to discuss things like this with her parents. They should know that she is trying to show how worthy she is of making more of her own decisions. At the same time, she can assure them that she's most grateful for their love and interest.



"Could I dilute it? He's only sixteen!"

formal flats

Sandals to make you walk like a Grecian goddess. Joy Kix by Joy Shoemakers, in gold plastic

Black nylon sandals, studded with colored cabochons. In colors, too. By Sandler of Boston.

Ballet-style wedgies in gleaming gold mesh fabric. By Desco.

Gold kid sandals with graduated wedge heel. By Sandler of Boston.

Low-heeled, ankle-strap style in gold-mesh fabric. Lester Pincus. Formal flats at Official Headquarters Stores, page 82, or write for where-to-buy information.



Universiteens

faBric
by
Berlinger

* ~~Simple Sandals~~ this petite-sized basic dress, with its jeweled belt, is just what the doctor ordered for that rundown wardrobe! Smart gals, have fun... belts, scarves and your favorite jewelry, transform your frock from day-time classic to date-time charmer before he can say... "Hubba-Hubba!" In an exquisite Joseph Berlinger Rayon Gabardine in Snow Aqua. Romantic Rose, Honor Gold, Pearl Grey. Sizes 7 to 15. About \$9

At better stores, or write
UNIVERSITEENS • 1400 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18
When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS. 57

THESE FAMILY AFFAIRS

(Continued from page 37)

relatives who are fond of you and interested in you are just naturally going to notice it. And when they lay down a barrage of questions about how you're doing in school, what your hobbies are, who your friends are, and what-do-you-want-to-be-when-you-grow-up, they're not prying out of idle curiosity; they're genuinely interested!

Don't let it get you! Just muster all your good grace and cheerfulness, and make the most of this golden opportunity to talk about yourself. Your audience is your family, and where would you be without them?

Sure, and singly they're all right, you may say, but all together . . . Well, even *en masse*, if you'll look at them with a degree of detachment, you'll find them perhaps even more delightful than some other people you'd like to claim in your clan.

A real smoothie arrives at any party looking her best—which means equipped with a smile. Next step is making the rounds and greeting all the guests. Here's where the angle about forgetting that these people are related to you comes in. When a stranger asks a question and makes a comment, your good manners will automatically make you respond graciously. Equal treatment for your relatives will bring pretty pleasant results.

When you were a little thing, you loved these big family gatherings because everybody made a fuss over you. Now you may object to them fussing over you because you feel somehow that your privacy is being invaded. Worse yet, when the fuss is over and the family settles back happily to drag out their memories and reminisce over incidents of before your time, chances are you're bored.

Have you tried showing some interest and asking questions occasionally? You'll find that aunts and uncles bloom under this treatment, just as you've found your dates do. When you bring forth the warmth of response it makes you feel better. You begin to have a good time and the whole party winds up to the peak where everybody is having a good time!

Of course, Great Uncle Ned may not feel inclined to pull out a stack of boogie-woogie records for you, but if you open your mind and give his way of finding enjoyment a chance,

you'll find the change of pace can be entertaining, too.

Sulky Silent Sue has another self—the noisy little pest of a show-off who hogs or completely prevents general conversation, demanding everybody's undivided attention herself. Most people outgrow that stage at a very young age, but there are some die-hards. They're growing fast—into impossible people.

At the dinner table, it is especially important that you join the spirit of the gathering wholeheartedly. Dinner usually marks the height of the festivities and brings everyone together around the table. If the meal tends to drag on past your endurance try to judge the situation fairly before you ask to be excused. Are you sure the others wouldn't mind excusing you or would they perhaps be a little offended if you seemed to be grabbing the first opportunity to dash off?

When you're tempted to try to duck out of going to a family party, when you start angling to be excused shortly after you arrive—or worse, disappear without permission—or when you stay, but sulk, then you have a little remembering and forgetting to do. Remember that you wouldn't intentionally hurt anyone's feelings, and forget that double standard you have for relatives and strangers.

You always have one big asset in your favor at these reunions. The family is predisposed to like you just because they want to think their relatives are pretty nice people. But it's up to you to capitalize on their feelings. Maybe you feel awkward and

constrained because the manners among older people are more exacting than the free and easy give and take you enjoy with your own friends. It's true Grandmother expects you to sit decorously in a chair at her carefully planned Thanksgiving party, instead of sprawling comfortably on the couch. Grandfather's eyebrows would bristle to his receding hairline if you turned on the radio to hear your favorite band. Great Uncle Ned would choke on his drumstick if you just broke into a conversation whenever you had a bright idea, without waiting your turn. You wouldn't admit, however, that you can't have a good time and good manners at the same time! Say not so.

Or maybe, as a junior member of the clan, you come in for an extra dose of ribbing that gets under your skin? Take the teasing in the same spirit you would your initiation into a club. You know how senior members of anything seem to enjoy their little jokes—especially at your expense! At least with your family, you know the quips have a bedrock of affection.

It does take skill and accomplishment in the arts of gracious social behavior to act as if you're having a marvelous time when you really long to be off with people your own age. But it's a skill and accomplishment that will stand you in good stead all your life. You might as well perfect them on home grounds.

Maybe this sounds as if all girls are ghouls at the family reunions, but don't you believe it! There are plenty of you who are sincerely fond of all the members of your family, and show your genuine love, interest, respect, and consideration by both enjoying yourselves and being enjoyable companions. You're just as interested in getting together with Gramps at a family party and learning what's happened to him since you last saw him as you are in comparing notes with your best friends on last night's date. You've discovered a pretty valuable secret about these functions. You know that family affairs can be occasions to anticipate if you give them cooperation and if you make up your mind that you are going to be one twig of the family tree that all the other branches will be glad to claim!



TIME ON THEIR HANDS

(Continued from page 33)

time left to listen to recordings of favorite music.

Peggy Ann Garner, on the other hand, keeps her bicycle right outside the stage. And when a free moment comes, she dashes off to watch a favorite actress work so she can learn more about acting. Or if there's a piano on the set, Peggy Ann loves to get a partner and play simple piano duets.

Others who like music for those interludes are musical stars Kathryn Grayson and Tony Martin who sing between scenes of the new technicolor musical, "Till the Clouds Roll By," based on the life of the late composer, Jerome Kern.

Knitters include Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, Carole Landis, Shirley Temple, Dorothy McGuire, and Gale Sondergaard. Joan averaged a sweater a week while working on "Humoresque." She knits all the socks, mittens, and sweaters for her two children, Christopher and Christina. Carole Landis' knitted dresses are a distinctive feature of her very distinguished wardrobe. Dorothy McGuire and Shirley Temple knit socks for their husbands.

George Montgomery whittles and carves. He has made chairs for Dinah Shore, his wife, and for himself. At present, he's carving a horse's head for the top of a coat rack in their new ranch home.

John Payne and Cornel Wilde have writing ambitions and use the time to work on stories and plays. Cornel hopes to appear in his play based on the life of the poet, Lord Byron.

Linda Darnell's friends received Christmas cards last year designed and made by her right on the set. Others who paint or sketch are Jeanne Crain and director Richard Whorf.

Leslie Brooks finds lampshade-making a good way to spend free time. Evelyn Keyes reads incessantly. For a long time, Laraine Day amused fellow actors by working with a Ouija board.

But whatever they do, they keep busy. And they bear out the proverb that busy people have more time to do things than people with lots of leisure. At any rate, they get more done, making every moment count.



Buckland's Jacquard ski pattern

is a match for date bait

as any Dinah-Mite knows.

It's made of 100% kitten-

soft virgin wool. Red

with white, green with white,

navy with red, navy with white,

grey with red, brown with yellow

Priced about \$6.95...

at leading stores everywhere.

Or write to:

BUCKLAND KNITWEAR, INC.

Sales Office: 1384 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.



FOOTBALL FARE

(Continued from page 41)

dumped the whole business into the casserole, added 2 cups of hot water and 4 cups of canned red kidney beans. She stirred the mixture around, seasoned it with salt (1½ teaspoons, unless the beans are salted, in which case she says she just keeps tasting till she gets enough, and remembers it will cook down and get stronger) and pepper. She set it to simmer for an hour, till it was thick but not dry and the meat was tender. Then she just set it away and forgot about it till you all got home.

With the chili Beth served a whopping salad—after all there were five couples—and that was Mexican, too. She chose it because it didn't need any oil—and also because alligator pears were cheap that week.

Guacamole

First she cut 4 alligator pears in half lengthwise and scraped the meat from the shells. Then she peeled 2 tomatoes. These she mashed with the alligator pears till they were smooth and pasty. She added 1 good-size chopped onion, 2 tablespoons of vinegar, dashes of salt and pepper, and a little chopped green chili pepper—boy, is that stuff hot. She put in a piece about 2 inches long and 2 inches wide, she said, but every time I hit a bit of it, I jumped. She messed all this around till it was well mixed,

and served it in a mound on a bed of shredded lettuce. It was a salad dressing and salad combined, and it tasted wonderful with the chili.

As for her dessert, it was out of this world, and none of us had ever eaten anything like it. It's much easier to make than pie—and not an extravagance, either, she says.

Leche de Camote

Pare enough sweet potatoes so that when you have them riced or put through a strainer, you'll have 2 good cups; 6 medium-sized potatoes should do it. Cook them for ½ hour in boiling, salted water to cover. Stir 4 tablespoons of cornstarch to a smooth paste with ½ cup of milk. When you have it smooth, add it to the rest of 2 quarts of milk, if you see what she means, along with 2 cups of sugar and 6 well-beaten egg yolks. Into this stir the sweet potatoes. Now this goes over a low flame, stirred constantly until it thickens. Oh, and you should have blanched and chopped fine 1 cup of almonds,

in the meantime. Add the almonds cook a few minutes longer, and pour into the serving dish. Dust the top with powdered cinnamon, and set it away to chill. For the sauce heat a small can of crushed pineapple with 2 tablespoons of cornstarch and when the cornstarch has thickened the juice into the consistency of sauce, set it aside to chill, and let your guests spoon it over the Leche.

Mexican Chocolate

Under pressure to reveal more of her recipes, Beth gave forth with one she promised to make next time she had the gang over. It was hot chocolate—but different. The chocolate comes from a Mexican store and she allows a quarter-round (Mexican chocolate comes in round cakes) for each cup, melting it in hot milk, and beating with an egg beater till it foams. But if you can't find a place to buy the real Mexican blend, you can fake it easily at home. Melt a square of chocolate over hot water and stir in ¼ cup of sugar, ¼ teaspoon of salt, and ¼ teaspoon of cinnamon. Dissolve this slowly with 1 cup boiling water. When it's smooth, add 3 cups of scalded milk and bring the mixture to a boil. Boil for 1 minute, remove from the fire, add ½ teaspoon of vanilla and beat till it foams. This serves four people.

There are a couple of other treasures in Beth's notebooks from last summer—a completely new approach to macaroni, another bean job, the popular refritos, and a fun dessert. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for Ranch Recipes to Junior Housekeeping Department 34, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS LOOKS AHEAD

(Continued from page 27)

crayons or anything to write on for years—not until the National Children's Fund of the Junior Red Cross made possible thousands of educational gift boxes. Youngsters in France and Italy couldn't believe their eyes when they opened the Christmas gifts from the Junior Red Cross, especially when they found the candy! Toothbrushes, soap, shoes, garden tools, and seeds, cod-liver oil, and even a movie projector or two found their way to Turkey, Yugoslavia, Greenland, China, Finland, and dozens of other countries all over the globe.

"It amazes me every time I request something through the Junior Red Cross," wrote a field director of the American Red Cross, "to find that even though I have a feeling that the request may be unreasonable, they tackle the job with no thought but of the opportunity to be of service. It seems to me that the Junior Red Cross program is the finest training in the land for young people to learn to express themselves through service to others."

And when they weren't busy with other projects, Junior Red Cross members gave countless service hours to their communities—to working toward better inter-racial understanding, recruiting blood donors, acting as rescue squads during floods and other disasters, serving as hospital aides or as helpers in children's nurseries.

What about the future? There will be plenty to do, that's certain. And Junior Red Cross members are eager to get going on their share in the job ahead. The enthusiasm at the convention proved that. They plan to help build friendly relations with other countries through getting acquainted with the young people there. Right now those young people need so many things—food, clothing, school materials, and many of the little things that they've had to go without during the war years. The Junior Red Cross is going to see that they get them. And besides, there'll be letters exchanged—and what better way is there to assure friendly relations with a country than by getting to know and understand its people?

Community service won't be neglected, either. Health and safety, first aid, accident and fire prevention, home nursing, nutrition will claim a lot of attention from Junior Red Cross members in the coming months.

Sounds exciting, doesn't it? That's what the members think, and lots of young people in elementary schools and in secondary schools are looking forward to sharing in the many worthwhile activities that are always going on, the whole year 'round, in the Junior Red Cross.

The slip that discovers your figure
... her majesty!

Figure-proportioned for every Junior size!

Now you can get a really slick-fitting slip! In fact,

that's the very nicest thing about HER MAJESTY slips . . .

because they're made for you, for your teen-age

proportions, and they flatter your figure.

Other nice things . . .

clever construction, no twisting, turning and riding up,

seams that just won't pull out,

swish fabrics—crepe, satin and fine Sanforized cotton



*CLOTHES-AGE is a matter of size, not birthdays! You'll find HER MAJESTY slips designed especially for teen figures in sizes 10 to 16, for Junior figures in sizes 9 to 15

It's sharp to be sure—so ask for HER MAJESTY by name! If your favorite store is temporarily out—ask again.



traffic
stopper!

It's the 'Coachman' the coat that makes everyone turn back for another look! Perfect prop for sunshine or raindrops it's a 'Weatherbee', the name to remember in rainwear. Zelan processed cotton gabardine in dashing colors 10 to 16. At better stores, under \$15.



Simplicity Sue Makes her own Skating Outfit

1766



1754

Are you a Belle on Blades or a Winner on Wheels? Either way, you'll cut a fancier figure in a swirling skating outfit. Follow Simplicity Sue's advice and make your own from a pattern. Color combinations are up to you. Tight-fitting basque jacket, full swirling skirt—perfect in flannel, corduroy, or velveteen with contrasting lining and panties. Appliqué designs included. Simplicity Printed Pattern 1754, sizes 11 to 18, 20c.

Make a cozy fur-fabric hood from Simplicity Pattern 1766, comes in one size only, 25c.

1318



Use Simplicity Pattern 1754 for a suspender skirt of clan plaid, lined in red wool jersey with pants to match. Stocking cap, half-and-half, from Simplicity Pattern 1318, one size, 25c. See the ermine tails on her shoes? Try some! Obtain Simplicity Patterns from your local dealers or send cash to Patterns, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Triangle Raincoat Company, Inc., New York 18

YOUR CAREER AS A SINGER

(Continued from page 29)

When you hear a singer, you have to realize that every minute she stands before you—a gracious person filling the auditorium with golden sound—represents years of study and practice to achieve that illusion of effortless. It's true there are many types of voices and numerous possible singing careers, but not one of those careers can be a real success without unflagging effort, because music is a demanding taskmistress!

Let's start with you. You love to sing better than anything else in the world, so you pass the first test for a singing career with flying colors. You're firmly convinced that there isn't anything you wouldn't do to become a singer, so you seek out the music teacher in school, the choir-master at church, and try to get their encouragement and advice. You may also have to convince your parents that the costly lessons you will need will be worth-while!

Now you want to find a singing teacher and there's only one rule to follow—choose the best one your community has to offer. If it's possible, select a teacher who has won recognition as a singer, who has the ability to explain voice production to you so that you will fully understand what you are doing, and who will be careful not to strain your voice. Your singing lessons can start when you're ten or twelve, or any time after that.

How much you study and how long you practice depend a great deal on your ability and your ambitions. If your dream is to become a popular singer, you will need far less training than if your goal is opera.

From your teacher you will learn to relax and open your throat and to develop a strong breathing apparatus. Then you will build your voice and widen your range until you will be able to sing smoothly from your lowest tones to your middle ones, and from your middle ones to your highest ones. The full breath playing upon a freely responsive vocal apparatus in your relaxed, open throat, and the swirling sound waves in the open spaces of the throat and mouth will constitute delightful sensations as if the tones were, out in space, independent of the throat.

Good singing demands fine pronunciation. Your instructor will show you how to purify your vowels—and you will be purifying your voice as well—and how to handle your consonants with precision and light fleetness, so they will be clean-cut without interfering with the resonant flow of your voice.

Besides your actual lessons, you will have several hours of practice daily. Some students devote five hours a day to breathing, tongue, pronunciation, music, and vocal exercises. Others are better off with one or two hours. Intelligence in

THE BLOUSE I LIVE IN!



Always adorable . . . always tubbabe

. . . always beautiful—always Sally Mason!

Sizes 10 to 16. About \$5.



At fine stores everywhere or write to

SALLY MASON, Inc., 498 Seventh Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

When writing to advertisers, please mention *CALLING ALL GIRLS*

BEST FRIEND TO THE SWEATER GIRL



Mary Parker

Mary Parker Classics
 Dickey's are wonderful
 with your sweaters
 smash hits with suits
 and jackets. Smooth
 rayon sharkskin. In
 keen blinding colors
 white, pink, blue,
 yellow. At your favor-
 ite store, and they're
 only \$1.25

P.S. MARY PARKER is Mary
 McCracken, one of your own
 Hi-Style Scouts. You'll see
 her every month in Calling
 All Girls

TIMELY ACCESSORIES, INC.
 15 West 37th St. New York 18

practicing counts more than length!

Meanwhile, make the most of what your school and community have to offer. Join the music club, the choir, the dramatic club. Try for a role in the class operetta or play. Every bit of experience that you can acquire before an audience will help you to develop poise and assurance. Take whatever music courses are available in your school, and whenever an opportunity presents itself, listen to other singers, go to see them, and study carefully what they do and how they do it.

You must love music enough to want to understand it. Almost anyone can learn to sing a melody, but if you want to be a professional singer you must learn the musical names of the notes, keys, intervals, and rhythms you have been singing by ear all your life, just as every instrumentalist does. Take instruction in time, rhythm, ear-training, music theory, and sight reading. You can do this at music school or privately. If you have the opportunity to go to college, be sure to major in music.

You're on your way and as you acquire confidence, you take increased pleasure in being asked to sing when the gang gets together. Go ahead and sing! Let your friends see that you enjoy singing. Test your ability to make them *feel* what the music is saying. Because that's almost as important as having a fine voice. By the way you walk, talk, and smile, you must make people sense that yours is a warm, friendly personality that can respond with sympathy, vivacity, reverence, or playfulness as the occasion demands.

Your teacher will help you tell the story of a song with feeling and meaning, and to gain the poise, charm, confidence, and platform manner that will put a song across. To hold an audience spellbound you must develop the power to make them think and feel, to respond with gaiety or sadness to the mood of the music. By the way you sing, you sell the song, you sell yourself. But you must first feel it yourself before you can hope to thrill anyone else, and again this takes work.

Is singing nothing but hard work? No, indeed! Lessons and even practice hours can be fun if music and singing are as much a part of you as the color of your eyes. That's true of almost anything you learn. You've no doubt found in your schoolwork that when you're really interested in a subject, the hours spent in studying it aren't tedious at all. They fly by! But some girls accept the gift of a voice and assume that its development will come without effort, too. They aren't willing to work to attain the high standards which are set for professional singers.

I recall one student, a girl who had a strong and beautiful voice. When it began to develop, her friends praised her extravagantly and she herself fell so in love with its glo-

rious tones that she grew lazy and careless. She never had a career. Why? Because no band or orchestra leader will tolerate a deadpan singer, or one who doesn't know when to come in on the right beat. They will choose an inferior voice if its owner puts heart and soul into her singing and has dependable musicianship.

Many girls with pleasing voices that are not large, not strong, not even particularly promising succeed because they want to hard enough to overcome every obstacle. Mary Garden became an opera *diva* of international fame, even though the music critics said that her voice was "poor and inadequate." Her musical knowledge and personal magnetism more than compensated for her lack of voice. Of course not everybody can be a Mary Garden—or a Dinah Shore! But you can earn a living doing work you love if you're willing to work to prepare yourself for your own unique niche. And there is a level for every talent.

You may have the voice and personality for group or chorus singing, or perhaps you have a flare for singing popular songs. Maybe you're better suited to singing classical and semi-classical songs at church, concerts, or costume recitals. Radio is another outlet for your talent, teaching voice is another. I have known singers from night clubs, radio musical shows, and music schools who continued studying and finally gained a much coveted contract with the Metropolitan Opera House.

But you can earn money without ever leaving even a small town. Some of my students have returned to their home towns to sing at weddings, funerals, church services, parties, and concerts. Explore the possibilities close to home. There may be a local radio station or a little theater in search of talent.

How much money can you earn? Churches pay from \$3 to \$5 a Sunday in small cities, and up to \$30 in large cities, or \$5 in a selected choir.

Night club pay ranges from \$50 to \$500 a week. Over the radio, the minimum for fifteen minutes or less in commercial broadcasts is \$48 for a soloist, \$36 per person in a two- to four-voice group, \$29 in a five- to eight-voice group, and \$17 in a group of nine or more voices. The same time for sustaining or non-sponsored programs is \$20 for soloists, and respectively \$12, \$10, and \$9 for the group singing. Each singer is paid extra for rehearsal time, rebroadcasts, and transcriptions. The sky is the limit for top singers, who can earn as much as \$2,000 and \$3,000 a broadcast.

Broadway musicals are difficult to get into, but road shows are constantly being organized. *Actor's Cues* is a publication that lists where the auditions are being held. In the chorus, the pay is from \$50 to \$60 a week in New York and \$65 on the road. The principals earn from \$60 a week for small parts up to \$1,500

You may earn a lot or a little, and no one can promise you how far you will go, but if singing is as necessary to you as breathing, your successes and failures will at least be in the work you love to do! True, those successes may be modest ones, but they'll send you on your way singing.

(Sent) Catherine M. Martinson.
(My Commission expires March 30, 1947.)

who
packs the nifty Lunch

You'll never eat alone with sandwiches like this in your lunch box!



SUPER CHICKEN SANDWICHES—Combine 1 cup chopped cooked or canned chicken with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped stuffed olives, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped celery, $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp pepper and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Best Foods or Hellmann's Real Mayonnaise. Spread bread generously with Nucoa. (That's not only to make your sandwiches taste good, but to give them the protection between filling and bread that keeps them from either drying out or getting soggy.) Spread filling on Nucoa'd bread slice, cover with a leaf of lettuce and top with another Nucoa'd bread slice. Place sandwich on a square of waxed paper. With a sharp knife cut it North—South, East—West (you'll feel as professional as that artist at the soda-fountain!). Fold up the waxed paper to make a neat package.

Yield: 8 large sandwiches (Note. Store filling in refrigerator in covered bowl. Make sandwiches as needed each day.)

1. NUCOA is a smooth spreader
2. NUCOA tastes just right.
3. NUCOA's thrifty.
4. NUCOA's good nutrition. Ask your Home Ec teacher at school about the Vitamin A and food energy you get in Nucoa.



IT'S SMART
TO USE
NUCOA

ON 11 AND HERE'S GOOD NEWS—FOR FREE!

"Party Foods on Little Money"—for club, class or private high jinks. Illustrated booklet contains 8 menus, with grocery lists and easy recipes. Address The Best Foods, Inc., 88 Lexington Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**



Don't make like an OSTRICH!

Rose Laird says, "Come out of hiding and face your skin problems today. My gently medicated Facial Soap applied with a Young Skin complexion brush is your first step toward banishing blemishes. Start today with a scrubbed-clean skin and you'll be prettier, more popular tomorrow."



Liquid Facial Soap (for oily skin) \$1.00
Liquid Lather (for sensitive skin) \$1.25
Complexion Brush \$1.75

SEND FOR A FREE folder giving professional advice on "what to do" for following: Blackheads, Pimples, Acne, Oily Skin, Large Pores, Young Skin Make-up.

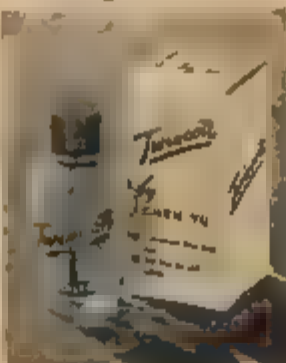
ROSE LAIRD

5A.08 785 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

BEAUTY Buy-words

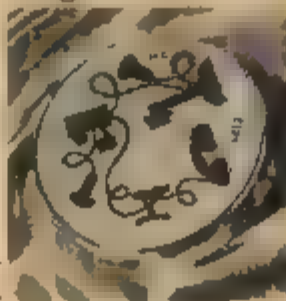
HARDLY a month goes by when there isn't something noteworthy on the market that rates teen interest. Here are a few extra-special items that we think you'll want to know about. Of course, we can't cover them all, and you'll find helpful suggestions in other pages of the magazine. Product prices are approximate; taxes are not included.

Slashing this month's expenses in preparation for Christmas gift buying? Then here's a beauty value that will definitely balance with your budget. It's Twincote, by Chen-Yu—a base as well as a top coat for your nail polish, all in one bottle. And what's more, Twincote doubles the life of lacquer, increases sheen, and speeds the drying process. At 60c, that's economy!



Here's a brand new liquid shampoo that points the way to hair with a healthy sheen. It's Jacqueline Cochran's, and it's soapless—meaning that it contains no harsh alkali. An eight ounce bottle is a wise buy for \$1.00, particularly if you're planning a new permanent, because it whisks away all the dandruff flakes and never leaves a coating on your hair.

Is the line busy? If you're a smart trick who knows enough to snatch at the very nicest thing in accessories, your line should be busy all the time. New and gay is this Wadsworth powder case especially designed for teen-agers in the know. All-metal, with a sifter screen and fluffy puff, and it's only \$2.00 everywhere—with no federal tax!



The final word in liquid make-up is Tussy's feather-light Finishing Touch, because it actually helps to even up the color tones of your skin. So now you can camouflage what's left of last summer's pesky freckles or dark circles under the eyes, without hiding behind a stiff mask. Rosee or Sungold brings a glow to that pale complexion, while Medium or Fair looks smooth with bright wardrobes. Properly applied in the morning, it keeps a fresh appearance all day. And incidentally, Finishing Touch contains lanolin, that stand-by for dry skin. \$1.50 a bottle, but a little goes a long, long way.

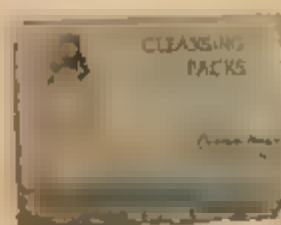
Have you heard about Beauty Tips and what they can do for beat-up fingernails? Well listen close if your nails split easily, if you still go in for nervous nibbling, or if you're allergic to polish, because Beauty Tips are meant for you. These thin protective guards, unlike artificial nails, are soft, flexible, and easy to apply. They not only hold a cracked nail together but because it's impossible to bite through them, your nails get a chance to grow long and lovely. Once you've applied a few coats of your favorite polish over Beauty Tips you'll forget they're not really yours—you can't tell the difference and even dishwashing won't disturb them. The price? A set consisting of 25 for 50c.

Didn't we tell you that glasses can make for glamour? If you are in the market for some new ones, take a



look at these. The pixie-like frames are made of plastic in a choice of black, tortoise, or honey, and they're attractively sprinkled with rhinestones and gold shot. Wonderful for dress-up and party occasions, particularly when you want to dazzle the crowd with your eye-appeal. Better opticians throughout the country have these Jeweled Specs frames which they'll fit with your own prescription lenses. Frames alone retail for about \$12.50.

For those of you whose skin requires a bit more than average scrubbing, you'll want to investigate Primrose



House Cleansing Packs. The special cleansing agent in them helps soften the clogged matter that has invaded your pores, and does a pretty slick job on blackheads and whiteheads alike. At cosmetic counters for \$1.00 a box.

JUDY WING

(Continued from page 26)

that Judy's "young man" might drop by the following day, she was indignant. "What kind of hokey-pokey do you call that?" she demanded. "He'll come to dinner, that's what he will! Got a man-size turkey ready for the oven. Need a man to help eat it. Phone's in the hall—go call him."

When Judy came back from calling Ted, she could sense that Ellen had brought Cousin Sophia up to date on Captain Baker and romance. Cousin Sophia threw Judy an arch look. "Always liked fliers myself," she said. "Got the same spirit as first-rate steer-rasslers. Guess flying's a little like throwing a steer, at that."

Judy tried to keep her face straight. "Is there much flying around here?" she asked innocently.

Cousin Sophia snorted. "No airfield," she said. "Need an airport. Bad. Long way to town."

"If Ted were here right now," Judy thought, with a quick look at Ellen, "she'd sell without a whimper. If only everything stays like this until he gets here!"

But when, the following day, no Ted appeared, and Cousin Sophia alternated between loading the table before the fire with good things to eat and watching for Ted from the window, Judy grew uneasy. When she thought she couldn't stand the suspense any longer, she went to the phone again.

"He left hours ago, they say," she told Cousin Sophia. "He should be here any minute."

"He'd better be." Cousin Sophia was grumpy. "The dinner's next thing to ruined now."

"Oh, let's not wait any longer," Judy cried. But Cousin Sophia strode off to the kitchen, muttering something about "irresponsible young whippersnapper" that plunged Judy even deeper into her gloom.

"Something's happened to him. I know it," she told Ellen. "Ted isn't like that. He'd show up if . . ."

"Don't mind Cousin Sophia," Ellen reassured her.

Half an hour later the three of them sat down to dinner. The huge brown turkey bursting with chestnut stuffing was wasted on Judy. She watched the window and picked at her food.

"If you're fixing to marry that fellow, take my advice." Cousin Sophia poured coffee from a silver pot, and looked with distaste at the mince pie. "Can't depend on him now, what'll you do afterward?"

Judy swallowed and looked down at her plate. The whole lovely scheme had gone up in smoke. But that wasn't important. Something had happened to Ted.

Cousin Sophia finished her coffee and pushed back her chair. "Going out to the bunkhouse to see how my boys made out," she announced. "Come along."

But the bunkhouse was deserted

GUARD YOUR HAIR FROM BROKEN ENDS WITH THIS NEW CURLER



No matter how beautiful your permanent, no matter how natural your wave, broken hair ends can cause ugly, unmanageable frizz.

The revolutionary new GAYLA "Easy-Lock" Curlers "baby" brittle hair-ends, treat them softly, gently—thanks to the unique "open end" feature. No wonder your hair looks so soft, so lovely, so natural!



EASIER

Patented "Easy Lock" snaps closed easily with one hand from any position

SAFER

Distinctive open end can't catch or cut hair

DON'T RISK SPLIT FRIZZY HAIR

Get a whole set of these new, safer curlers today and help yourself to uniformly soft, flattering, natural curls every time.



Gayla
"EASY-LOCK"
CURLER

by the makers of the famous
Gayla Hold-Bob baby pins and hairpins

COPYRIGHT 1948 - GAYLORD PRODUCTS INCORPORATED - CHICAGO 15, ILL. NO. 1

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

Miss
Coro Teen says
"SONGBIRDS"



Birds on the beam that flock together. A high-flying fashion in gold-finished metal, dotted with sparkling simulated stones.

Set of three, about \$1.00 plus federal tax, at your favorite store

Coro

INC. NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO • LONDON



Coro
TEENS

by all but the cook. Cousin Sophia roared questions at him.

"Take it easy, Ma," he said. "They all rushed off to the canyon. Stampede. Shorty, that green hand, got hurt. One of the other hands came riding back for help."

"Then what are you doing here?" Cousin Sophia snorted.

"You know I'm no good in the saddle any more, Ma," protested the cook.

"Throw the saddles on a couple of horses," Cousin Sophia ordered. "Get a move on! We're going down to see what's happened!"

"How far away are they?" Judy asked quickly.

Cousin Sophia turned on her. "Say! You could fly me down!"

"Could I land?" Judy asked.

"Easy," said Cousin Sophia.

This time, Judy vaulted the corral fence, too. With Cousin Sophia wedged into the narrow back seat of the cruiser, there wasn't much room for Ellen. But comfort didn't matter. Haste was the thing. Cousin Sophia didn't say a word as they took off, but when the plane banked and turned, heading for the far end of the ranch, Judy felt a large hand grab her shoulder.

"It's all right, Cousin Sophia," Ellen said. And Judy didn't hear anything more from the back seat until the range came in sight.

"There they are!" Cousin Sophia said. "See that dust? Can't you lower this thing some so we can see what's happening?"

Judy let the right wing drop, applied left rudder, and the forward slip brought the plane down smoothly. Beneath them now the cattle were visible, and the men riding easily beside them.

"Can't see anything wrong down there," Cousin Sophia said. "Better land a good distance from those cows or they'll stampede again."

When they reached the men, however, there was fresh consternation. Cousin Sophia asked first of all about Shorty.

"It's like this, Ma," one of the cow hands told her. "We were trying to get the cows headed off—they were making straight for the canyon—and this plane came over. Fellow must have seen we were losing out because he turned and flew back over the cut and swooped right down at the herd. You should have seen those critters turn and high-tail it in the other direction!"

"But what's happened to Shorty?" Cousin Sophia demanded.

"Fellow landed, and when we found Shorty was hurt pretty bad, he loaded up him and Red, and flew 'em off to town to the doctor."

"Who was he?" Cousin Sophia roared. "How do you know he took them to a doctor?"

Judy thought she knew who the stranger was, but she didn't say anything. And the cow hands didn't know.

Nothing would satisfy Cousin

This is the BLOUSE that knock built

This is a maiden just like you who wears the blouse with lace around her face of cotton and in simple line so sweet, the blouse that knock built

Sizes 10 to 14 White Only

Retails about \$4

That Something Different

100 West 31st St. New York 18, N. Y.

Sophia but that they should set off at once for town. Judy shared her impatience. She opened the throttle wide and kept watching for the strange plane. When they had been in the air only a few minutes, she spotted it, but it was coming to meet them. She didn't know what kind of plane Ted was flying, but she took a chance and cut in close. Then she waved frantically and called, "Ted! It's Judy!" just as if he could hear.

He recognized her, though, and dipped a wing as he sped past her. Judy turned and followed, but she didn't catch up until they were at the ranch house. Fortunately, Cousin Sophia's interest was all in the injured man, so Judy had at least four minutes in which to say hello to Ted. Then Cousin Sophia pounced on him, and hurried him off to the house.

It was a warmed-over Thanksgiving dinner that Ted sat down to a few minutes later, but to Judy, who joined him, it was the most enjoyable meal she'd ever eaten. Cousin Sophia didn't exactly hover over Ted, but she never let him out of her sight. And not only did all the original Thanksgiving delicacies appear on the table, but Cousin Sophia trudged down cellar and brought up her choicest pickles, relishes, and jellies. Ted groaned but ate manfully.

"Saved you the piece with the wishbone, too," Cousin Sophia said, as she refilled his plate. "Got a wish, haven't you?"

Ted laughed. "One or two," he said.

"So have I," said Cousin Sophia. "Wish you folks would come to see me real often." She meant it, too. Judy could see that.

Ellen coughed noisily and looked at Judy.

"Liked the sample," Cousin Sophia went on. "Now I'd like to do some more flying. Tell you what, we need an airport down this way. Build one myself if I knew how to go about it."

Under the table, Ted squeezed Judy's hand. "It's in the bag," he said. "Miracles do happen."

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

You'll find one for sure in the December issue of

CALLING ALL GIRLS

"... LET NOTHING YOU
DISMAY"

A lovely story about a teen-ager and her young sister-in-law from overseas.

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL
CHRISTMAS!

Lots and lots of glamour gifts to give—and receive!—for Christmas.

All in all, an issue of your favorite magazine full of Christmas cheer and practical gift suggestions.

"SPUN - TRIX" by



Up front in sweater fashion—atop

—Spuncraft's all-wool pullovers

with divine design-tricks

Delicious colors. Run, don't walk

to the nearest store

for "Spun-Trix".

About \$4.

SPUNCRAFT INC. • 141 WEST 36th STREET • NEW YORK

YOUR DATES WILL LOVE YOU IN THIS

Pin Stripe Jumper!



JUMPER ONLY

\$5

BLOUSE ONLY

\$2.69

FULL
SATISFACTION
OR MONEY
BACK

SEND NO
MONEY
WE MAIL
C. O. D.

You'll look cute as a bunny in this saucy pin stripe rayon jumper with the expensive looking felt appliqued flowers on the pockets! Have it red, green, blue, peacock, or gray. Sizes 9 to 15. You'll want a "First Love" blouse to go with it! Yellow, white or rose rayon jersey.

SIZES 32 TO 38

BROADWAY FASHIONS, 1101 Broadway, N. Y. 1

Please send me Pin Stripe Jumper at \$5 plus postage.
Mark 1st & 2nd choice: Red Blue Green Peacock
Circle size: 9 11 13 15

Also send me First Love Blouse at \$2.69 plus postage.
Circle size: 32 34 36 38
Mark 1st & 2nd choice: Yellow White Rose

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Dept. 703

ALL-AMERICAN MUSIC MAKERS (Continued from page 21)

meeting place was on the Lower East Side of New York, where the players had to compete with poor lighting, cramped quarters, and erratic neighbors who sometimes made so much noise that they drowned out the music. Later they found another room in Greenwich Village, and there Beethoven ruled until one day the painters came to redecorate the place for a new tenant, and the orchestra was homeless again. A medical clinic took them in, and they played in the lobby while doctors, nurses, and patients walked in and out. But the deep armchairs interfered with the bowing of the violinists, and there weren't enough chairs to go around, for the orchestra had grown to be a fairly large one. The cellists sat on upturned trash baskets, the bassoons and clarinets close behind them. The conductor couldn't understand why the cellists sat so rigidly erect, nor how the wind section behind them could manage without music—and there obviously couldn't be room for music stands, the way they were sitting. So he left his improvised podium and took a stroll around the room. On the back of each cellist was pinned the music of the wind instruments—the American Youth Orchestra had found a way around even that obstacle.

Early hardships like these helped unite the young orchestra, but there are other things just as important in its growth, and the success it has had. There's the enthusiasm of the players, for instance. They look forward to each rehearsal, and play with such zest that occasionally it's hard for Mr. Dixon to hold them back. Comes intermission time, they don't want to stop.

Tina di Dario, one of the teen-age bassoon players, puts it this way: "I don't think there's any other orchestra like it. We're all so enthusiastic about it, and it's such fun working with Mr. Dixon—he's so particular about every little thing. I know myself I can't wait to get to rehearsals—they take a lot of time, but I wouldn't miss one for anything. All of us feel the same way. Four of the boys come down early to set up the music. Some of the rest of us act as librarians. I'm hoping someday to get into the Boston Symphony or something—and this is wonderful training."

Some of the enthusiasm comes from the fact that Dean Dixon has encouraged his young musicians to tackle great music right from the start—no getting to Beethoven by easy stages. He gives them a real challenge, and they snatch at it. Rehearsals are completely democratic. There are no prima donnas in the Youth Orchestra, no featured soloists. Between numbers the members

SEE

what a difference
Maybelline
makes



Before using Maybelline

... This year, Fashion says: Focus on the eyes! Banish the dull tired glance... face the world radiant, sparkling!

For lovely eyes enslave the heart, light the way to love, reflect a lovelier you!

So quickly, so easily, emphasize the length of your lashes... frame your eyes darkly, enchantingly, with an upward sweep of Maybelline Mascara. Then, with a Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, give your brows the lifting sweep of a bird's wing!

The magic touch of Maybelline, adds confidence to your beauty!

Handy purse sizes at all Ten Cent counters

Maybelline Solid Mascara gives soft, lovely effect. Shades: Black, Brown, Blue. 75c.



Maybelline Cream Mascara (applied without water) in smart carrying case. 75c. Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline soft, smooth Eyebrow Pencil with fine point. Black or Brown.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

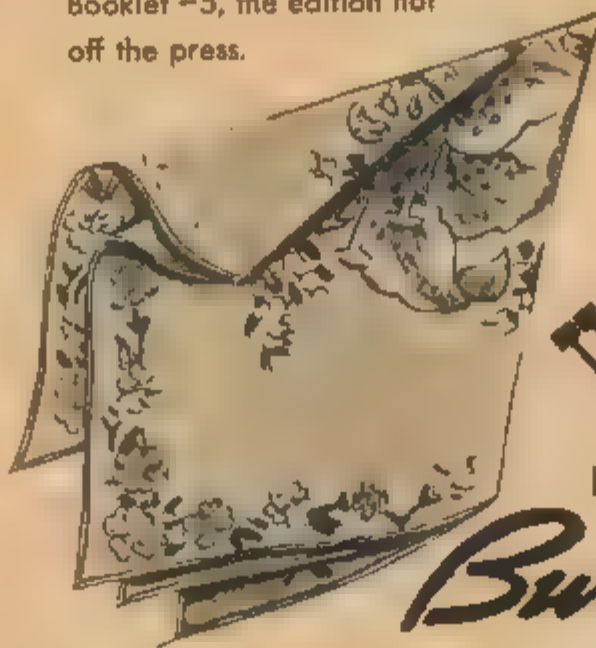
change seats just to make sure everyone gets to sit in the front row sometime. And before he begins conducting—and at intermission, too—Dean Dixon likes to get them to talking of not only what they think about music, but what they think about life. For instance, does a musician have any responsibility to the world? Isn't it up to him to give back to the world the music with which he's been gifted? Well, then, what about going professional? At this point the talk gets extra lively, because everyone in the Youth Orchestra has an opinion and wants to voice it. But by and large, they all have the same feeling—that it's the music that counts, and they're going to produce the very best music that they're capable of, and give it to everyone who wants to listen.

That's why the American Youth Orchestra plays concerts not only at Carnegie Hall, but at Army hospitals, at the Guild for the Blind, at the National Maritime Union, and has developed something unique in its five-cent concerts—every bit as wonderful as the ones they play at Carnegie Hall. These concerts are community affairs, and whole families come, often bringing lunch, to sit spellbound through an afternoon or an evening of a wonderful concert that they've helped to arrange for, in which they've all had a share in printing programs, selling tickets, and decorating the concert hall.

Dean Dixon has a tremendous following among the young people, and he plans concerts for them especially, from the three-year-olds right up to the oldsters of college age. But everybody, young and old, comes to them. He has a theory that you enjoy anything more when you have a share in creating it. So he gives the audience a job to do. No sitting back and just listening—perhaps being bored with the music. He's devised ways to make great music appeal to everybody. In an easy, friendly way, he tells the audience what's going to happen next, and gets them started listening with interest. Special attention-getters are the little "Catch-It" quizzes, in which the orchestra plays a snatch of some symphony, and it's up to the audience to identify it. Then there are musical questions on the back of the program—and it's no uncommon thing to have all the members of a family vying with one another to find the right answers as the orchestra plays. Too bad for Dad if he's caught napping in the second movement of the Beethoven Ninth—his teen-age daughter will be way ahead of him on the quiz! And if you think the music that's included especially for the three-year-olds is of a nursery-tune variety, you're wrong! They are just as capable of enjoying great music as anyone, and it's great music that everyone, regardless of age, gets from Dean Dixon and his American Youth Orchestra.

SHOULDER GLITTER

Sparkle up your shoulder with this newest BURMEL 'trik'. This will rate on dates, so send today for your FREE copy of Hankie Trix Booklet #5, the edition hot off the press.



Hankie
Trix
By

Burmel

385 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

A winning team...



Quality
hosiery for the
entire family

PHOENIX HOSIERY
COMPANY
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

Overnight
LOVELIER HAIR
FOR YOU



Patricia Vaniver
WALTER THORNTON
Pin-Up Girl

Sparkle and Radiance
come with this Famous
3-Way Medicinal
Treatment

Overnight application of Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment gives freshened beauty and lovely radiance to your hair—sparkling highlights and natural looking color tones! You'll be delighted with your hair's soft lustre! And so—try all three of these famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mange Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Use separately or in one complete treatment. Ask today for Glover's regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon for FREE application!

GLOVER'S

with massage, for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING
SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR



FREE TRIAL
Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, with complete instructions for Glover's 3-Way Treatment and useful FREE booklet, 'The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair'.

GLOVER'S, 101 West 31st St.,
Dept. 3011 New York 1, N. Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Shampoo and Glover's Hair Dress, in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

MAYOR MARTIN'S
DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 19)

on the soapbox, his long arms gesticulating, his dark eyes snapping.

"... And so, ladies and gentlemen, Mayor Martin stands on his record. For six years he has served you faithfully. He has cleaned up the slums, he has curbed the black markets, he has fought for housing projects..." Cap's clear tenor rang out above the droning of the mob.

"A little more of that," Stub hissed, "and Jerome Angel's a dead duck."

Cap was surrounded as soon as he finished his speech.

"Great going, son."

"Good speech."

"Mayor Martin ought to hire you."

Cap's hand was shaken, his back slapped. Peggy was so carried away that she flung her arms around his neck and planted a kiss on his cheek. Connie waited patiently off to one side, her eyes shining proudly.

It was a rather bedraggled Cap who finally broke away from his admirers and joined her. "Like the show?" he asked, shoving his hands into his pockets and trying to look nonchalant.

Connie beamed at him. "It was super, Cap," she bubbled. "And you were wonderful."

"It wasn't anything much." Cap reddened with pleasure and embarrassment. "We were taking the campaign stuff down to headquarters for your father when we heard this jerk blowing his top about Jerome Angel. And you know me—never at a loss for words."

"You know me, too, Cap." Connie glanced up at him archly.

"Yeah." Cap grinned into her eyes. "Never at a loss for ideas." "That," groaned Stub, coming up behind them with Peggy, "is a masterpiece of understatement."

"Have you got an idea now, Connie?" Peggy put in eagerly.

"Uh-huh. And it's simply terrific this time."

"That's what I like about Connie," Stub teased. "She's so modest."

Connie made a face at him. "I was just thinking," she said, "that it would be nice for us to campaign in earnest. With the committee, I mean."

"Now, wait a minute, Connie," Cap objected instantly. "It's a good cause and all that. But this afternoon was just a lark. They don't want a bunch of kids messing things up at headquarters. And people aren't going to pay any attention to small fry."

"I like that," Peggy retorted indignantly. "We're in high school and we're practically grown up."

"I'll tell you what," Stub suggested sensibly. "Why don't we go down to campaign headquarters and put it up to the committee?"

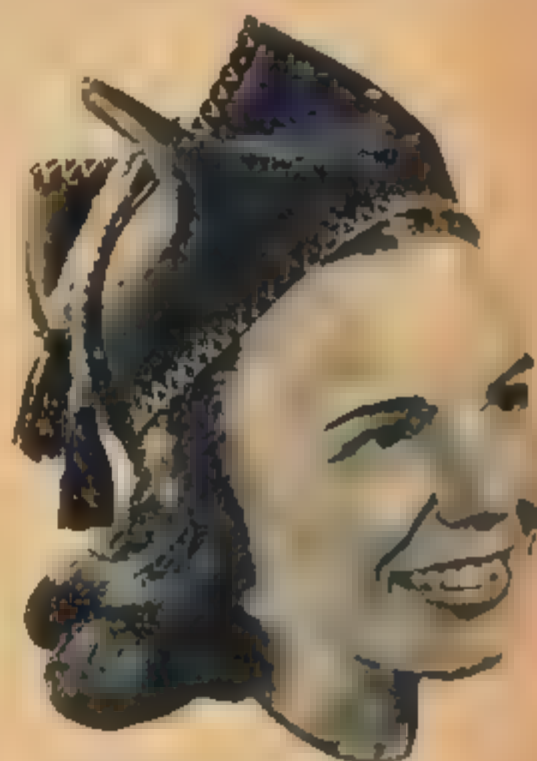
"Trust Stub to take the practical

For good
Sweater-Quette...



"Sloppy Joe" outfit! For the well rounded, well-uplifted contours sweaters demand, always depend on the brassiere Maiden Form designed for your figure type

If you can't find your style at first, try again! Dealers get supplies monthly. Send for Style and Conservation Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York 10.



Jaunty Jil—tricky little hat for football games and winter fun, Wool felt, gold-studded, red with Kelly embroidery, Kelly, navy, or black with red; brown with gold; gold or aqua with brown. Adjustable headsizes. About \$3

At your favorite store or write direct

R. ENGLANDER
917 Commerce Street, Dallas

way out." Connie seized Cap's hand and dragged him toward the street. "Come on before Stub changes his mind."

Walter Krieg, Mayor Martin's campaign manager, welcomed the four volunteers jovially. "Sure, we can use all the help we can get," he boomed. "We'll send you around in campaign trucks, we'll give you a list of houses to canvass for votes, and we'll keep you busy right here in the office." He leaned back in his swivel chair and puffed thoughtfully on a big, black cigar. "Maybe you can find out what's cooking across the river. The people over there swing every election. They used to be solid for Martin; now they've switched to Angel. And there's nothing we can do until we know why."

"We'll start working on it tomorrow morning," Peggy promised promptly. "It's Saturday, there's no school, and we can be down here at nine o'clock."

"There goes my beauty sleep," Stub moaned plaintively, as he and Peggy trailed Cap and Connie to the street.

"Mine's gone already." Connie pointed to the dark rings under her eyes, and grinned. "I'm actually beginning to look dissipated from worry."

The circles under Connie's eyes deepened in the next two weeks. She and Peggy spent most of their spare time at campaign headquarters, answering the phone, filing papers, and giving out information. In the evenings, they teamed up with the boys to ring doorbells and canvass for votes. But the vote across the river remained pro-Angel.

That was when Cap and Stub first started their mysterious disappearing act. They had promised to meet the girls in the Sweet Shop right after the rally. But long after everyone else had gone home, Connie and Peggy sat forlorn and alone in a back booth.

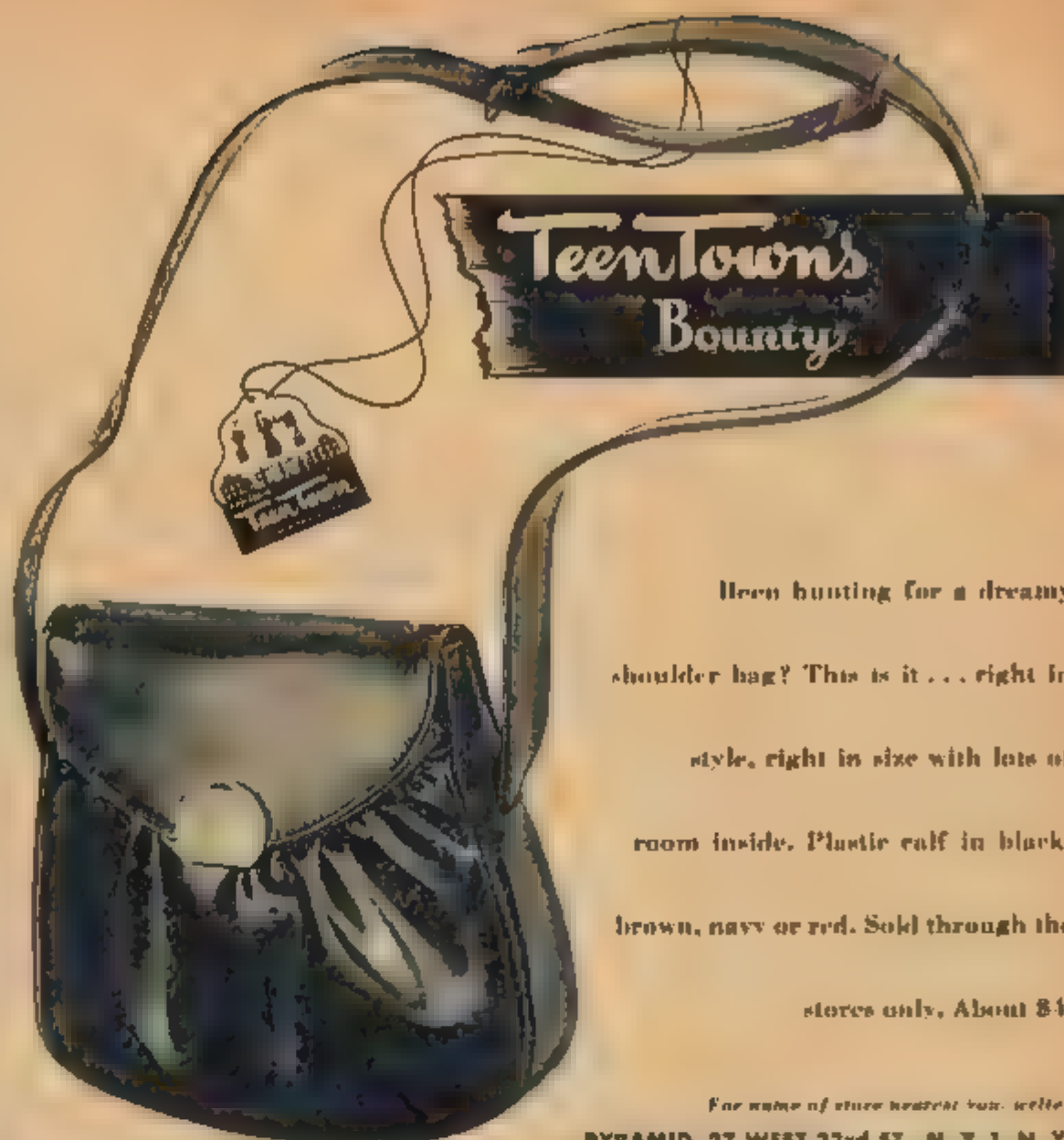
Peggy sucked drearily on two crumpled straws. "You don't suppose they could have been kidnapped or something, do you?"

"Don't be silly," Connie reached for the check. "They probably got held up somewhere. They'll come around tomorrow and explain."

Cap and Stub came around the next day all right, but they were exasperatingly vague about their absence. "We got involved," was all they would say. Worse still, they turned up rarely after that, and with no explanations at all; they continually broke dates, and once Peggy caught a glimpse of them ducking into the Groovetime Music Shop with two strange girls.

"Looks like we're getting ditched, but good," Connie commented when Peggy told her about it. "But I just can't help feeling that there's some explanation for all of it."

Things came to a head on election eve. Connie and Peggy came home



Been hunting for a dreamy shoulder bag? This is it... right in style, right in size with lots of room inside. Plastic calf in black, brown, navy or red. Sold through the stores only. About \$4.

For name of store nearest you, write PYRAMID, 27 WEST 33rd ST., N. Y. 1, N. Y.



FRANK
SINATRA

GIRLS!

HERE IT IS!

THE Only BRACELET in the U. S. A. AUTOGRAPHED and ENDORSED by FRANK SINATRA

Now you can be the first to wear the only bracelet autographed and endorsed by Frank Sinatra! This wonderful new bracelet is 24 karat gold plated, looks like an expensive jeweler's bracelet. Six heavy links of 24 kt. gold plate chained to an actual photograph of Frankie himself. In addition you get a gold plated heart pendant with an actual impression of Frankie's signature, reading "Faithfully, Frank Sinatra." No other bracelet like it anywhere. It's out-of-this-world!

QUANTITY LIMITED!

Because of the great demand, we urge you not to delay. Quantities are limited, so ORDER NOW!

ONLY
\$1.00
PLUS TAX

SEND NO MONEY!

You take no risk. Just mail coupon TODAY and your FRANK SINATRA Bracelet will be sent on TRIAL. If you are not thrilled, return the bracelet within 10 days and your money will be returned at once!

Long Island Jewelry Co., Dept 1811
211 Main Ave., Far Rockaway, N. Y.
Rush to me the autographed and endorsed FRANK SINATRA Bracelet!

- ☐ I will pay postman \$1.20 (fed tax included) plus postage.
- ☐ I enclose \$1.20 full price. Send postpaid. Money back guarantee applies either way.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
Canadian orders \$1.50 in advance

from some last-minute vote-getting and crouched miserably on the steps of the Martin porch. Gloom settled over them like a wet blanket. They had just decided never to speak to the boys again, when the blasting of a horn cut through the night stillness and Cap's jalopy rounded the corner and rattled to a stop at the curb.

"Jump in," shouted Cap from behind the wheel. "We're going places."

"We're not." Connie rested her chin on her knees and glared at him.

"Aw, come on, sourpusses," Stub urged gaily. "We're in a hurry."

Peggy tossed her head indignantly. "Don't let us detain you."

The boys went into a huddle. "Caveman tactics might work," Connie heard one of them say, and she exchanged a quick glance with Peggy.

Before she could collect her wits, the boys were out of the car and stalking up to the porch. Cap put one arm around Connie's waist and hoisted her to her feet. Then he scooped her up, carried her, kicking and screaming, to the car, and dumped her in the front seat. Stub followed with Peggy. In no time flat, the jalopy was rattling down Main Street, and Cap was whistling an off-tune version of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

Connie and Peggy maintained a frozen silence all the way across the bridge to the other side of the river. Cap parked about a block from the Stadium. He and Stub grabbed the girls' hands and pulled them up the hill overlooking the Stadium shell. Brambles tore at their legs and branches scratched their faces. Connie's lips tightened angrily. Why in the world, she wondered, did they have to enter the Stadium from the back like four thieves in the night?

At last they reached the top of the hill where, concealed from view, they could see and hear everything that went on below. The Stadium was packed. Several men were seated on the platform. Jerome Angel was standing, speaking into the microphone.

"You have heard our platform and you know where I stand." Jerome Angel's ever-ready smile was turned on full force. "I have one more thing to say to you on this momentous occasion—the night before the biggest election in the history of Central City. One of your friends and mine, who until now has kept his political stand to himself, wishes to say a few words to you. Unfortunately, he is now in the state capital on business, but he has made a record of his speech, which will be played for you."

"This is a rally for Jerome Angel." Peggy turned a dark scowl on Stub. "What's the big idea of bringing us here?"

"You'll see." Stub's eyes were twinkling merrily.

Connie sat stiffly beside Cap, her heart pounding like a trip hammer.

I WUV
that boy!



Yes, and slick chicks are moony-eyed about these pins with moveable legs!

He loves her! She loves him! And you'll love both of 'em on your sweater or blouse! The legs of these silver-plated lovers move! Get a set, and get set for wolf-cries! Your favorite shop has 'em, or write direct to us.

Both for

\$1.95

plus 20% tax

FINEMAN & CO.

Jolly Jewels

12 E. Lexington St. • Baltimore, Md.

NEW!
In the groove "NOTE" paper
Hit Notes **Quickies**

assorted latest hits, a wonderfully illustrated in colors.
Famous Hit Notes in French fold "Note" form. Use them for remembrances, thank you notes, congrats, invitations or even a full page letter. Your friends will "love" them!

12 Quickies (2 each of 6 Hits) and 12 envelopes only 60¢ per box

at department, gift, stationery stores. If your dealer doesn't have them, write us for one near you or send 60¢ in coin to The Hart Vance Company, 17th St. and De mar Blvd. St. Louis 3, Mo. We will send Quickies postpaid. Money back if not satisfied.

It was clear that the boys had something up their sleeves. And whatever it was, it must be something tremendous. Perhaps all the mystery of the past week had been building up to this. Perhaps the boys hadn't walked out on her and Peggy after all. She stole a glance at Cap. His face was expressionless; his jaw was set. She slipped her hand into his, and his fingers tightened into a firm grip.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Jerome Angel announced, "I give you Dan Carson."

"Dan Carson!" Connie stifled a shout of surprise. "But he's for Dad. He..."

She broke off as the hum of the record player filled the Stadium. Then...

"Friends from the West Bank of the river, almost everyone of you here tonight is a dupe—a dupe of Dan Carson and a political double-deal. He has switched his support from Mayor Martin to Jerome Angel at the request of the campaign manager of this state and in return for a political appointment. Early in the campaign, he guaranteed his backing to Mayor Martin. Why has he changed? Here's the low-down. A syndicate wants to lease the lower West Bank for an airport. Mayor Martin refused to cooperate; he wants that land for a desperately-needed housing project. But Dan Carson and Jerome Angel and the state campaign manager own the property collectively, and they'll get more money from the syndicate. That's why they are asking you to turn from a man of honest, proved ability to a man who sells his soul to crooked, money-making politics. Let Jerome Angel deny that if he dares!"

Connie sprang to her feet. "That voice on the record!" she gasped. "It's you, Cap!"

"Shh. Sit down and watch." Cap gripped her arm and pointed to the platform.

Confusion had broken loose. The record played on, but the words were lost in a babble of bewildered voices. Someone rushed backstage to cut it off. Jerome Angel was standing at the microphone, calling for silence, terming the record "cheap sabotage." But the crowd wouldn't listen. Boos sounded from the back of the Stadium and angry voices called for a denial.

The smile faded from Jerome Angel's lips as he faced the audience. "I will not dignify this underhanded trick with a denial," he said nervously. "You all know Dan Carson. You all know..."

"What about the airport?" a husky baritone boomed from the rear.

"He's stalling. Down with Jerome Angel!" someone else shouted.

"Hurray for Mayor Martin and honest government!"

The booing rose to a mighty roar as Jerome Angel and his satellites backed off the platform. A young

DON'T SAY SWEATERS, say

Tish-u-Knit

designed by Leon



Classics in a class by themselves.
Picturing Jacquard Scene Stealer.
Fashioned of pure virgin wool.

Write for name of nearest
to your city. Fashion
and Exercise book.

TISH-U-KNIT SWEATERS
1372 Broadway • New York 18
Canada: 303 St. Paul St. W. Montreal



Spiced Peach Salad

Cook together $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar (for 3 minutes)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Burnett's Clove Flavor
1 teaspoon Burnett's Cinnamon Flavor
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Burnett's Almond Flavor
Pour this mixture over 6 or more fresh peaches,
peeled and halved. Cull several hours. Drain
and place a half of peach on lettuce. Fill hollow
of fruit with cream cheese. Garnish with may-
onnaise. Makes a grand dessert!



Flavor makes it fun

Cooking's fun if you know Flavor-magic. to add *flair* to simple dishes, put *sparkle* in old-time favorites. Take this Spiced Peach Salad, for instance: Burnett's Clove, Cinnamon* and Almond Flavors turn the taste trick. Try these Flavor tips, too.

- Perk up oatmeal cookies with Burnett's Coconut* Flavor...
- Add Vanilla to golden waffles, and

serve with syrup flavored with Maple*...
• Put Peppermint in chocolate cake... for candy-cane goodness.
Burnett makes 29 fine Food Flavors that are a cinch to use... just the tip of a bottle, and there's perfect taste appeal. Good Flavor makes good cooking... and good eating! Remember—put Burnett's fine Food Flavors on your shopping list today.

*A Burnett-perfected Imitation Flavor

BURNETT'S

Food **FLAVORS**

Fun and free. "Accent on Flavor." Burnett's folder of basic recipes and exciting variations with Flavor. Just write to: Joseph Burnett Company, 437 D Street—Department S-11—Boston 10, Massachusetts

Right on the beam in your new Pre-teen

GET HER SLICK CROWN SHAPE SHAPE SUIT RUFF CUFF

If you're 10 to 14 and you want grown-up allure for your wardrobe, then ask for Pre-teen Fashion at your favorite store. They glamorize, slenderize, fit your figure perfectly.

ILLUSTRATED Style #817 in LADTEX SWANTECA Spun Rayon. A new extended cap sleeve with novel embroidery and buttons, topped off by a crisp white pique collar. COLORS Blue Beige, Aqua.

Pre-teen sizes 10-12, 14 about \$8.00

At fine stores everywhere
For store nearest you write to:

PARAMOUNT C. D. CO.
520—5th Avenue, New York 10

ORDER BY MAIL

INDOOR CASUALS

with a fluff of fur

325 paid free

A grand gift

Not just a slipper for bedroom and bath, but a truly exquisite style for every at-home occasion. Choice Bangaline upper on leather sole, with cushioned in-between sole. In 6 heavenly colors (fur and ruffled sling-strap cloud-white). Sling elasticized to assure snug fit. A rare find—money refunded if not delighted.

doray of 5th Ave., 220 Fifth Ave., New York 1, Dept. C-11

I'd like... Indoor Casuals at \$3.25

☐ Pastel Blue ☐ Pastel Pink ☐ Red

☐ Wine ☐ Black ☐ Royal Blue ☐ White

2nd color choice... My size is.

☐ Check ☐ Money order enclosed

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____

State _____

doray

man from the first row leaped to the microphone and called for Mayor Martin. Wild cheers greeted him and he launched into an extemporaneous speech. After a while, the crowd settled down to listen.

Peggy was bouncing up and down with excitement. "How did you do it, Stub?" she repeated over and over again. "How did you find out about Carson?"

Cap and Stub explained it all quickly and simply. After the rally at high school, they said, two girls from across the river cornered them outside and told them of a local whispering campaign to defeat Mayor Martin and elect Jerome Angel. The girls suspected Dan Carson. His political influence was supreme over there because he controlled most of the real estate. And he had been turning up regularly at dinners and family gatherings in the neighborhood to suggest subtly that Jerome Angel would make a better mayor than Mr. Martin. And to make extravagant promises of what Angel might do for the residents. This had happened after he had had a personal visit from the state campaign manager. Furthermore, they had heard him recording his speech in the Groovetime Music Shop when they stopped in to buy some jive records.

"From there on in, it was easy," Cap finished. "The girls found out about the rally and when the record would be played. We recorded our speech and switched records just before the rally started."

"But how did you know about the airport and the political appointment?" Connie wanted to know.

"Oh, we did some research on who owned the property on the lower West Bank. Then we just put two and two together," Stub put in casually.

"Of course," added Cap, winking at Connie, "Mr. Krieg helped a little by checking with some of his acquaintances in the political inner sanctum."

Connie laughed happily. "Anyway, it was mostly your doing. And I think you're both awfully clever." Clinging to Cap's hand, she lay back on the grass and looked up at the stars. "Now, thanks to you and Stub, all we have to do is watch the votes roll in for Dad tomorrow."

But if Connie could have read the stars, she wouldn't have been so sure. What they could have told her, she didn't find out until the next afternoon. A violent thunderstorm had kept her overtime at the library, and a quick run to the polls had revealed that many of the voters had come and gone except those from across the river. The poll watcher had assured her that they always voted late because most of them worked until five o'clock, and it was too far to come during a lunch hour. But Connie was worried just the same.

"I hope they haven't decided not

to vote at all," she said to herself, as she climbed the steps to the gymnasium. She and Peg were to join the boys there after basketball practice.

The minute Connie opened the door, she knew something had happened. Peggy was standing under one of the baskets, her hair falling every which way and her coat draped crazily over one shoulder. The team was crowded around her, everyone talking at the same time.

"What's wrong?" Connie marched across the floor and confronted the group.

"The most terrible thing!" Catastrophe was written all over Peggy's face. "The bridge over the river is down. It was struck by lightning, and it's the only way to get across. The voters are stranded over on the other side!"

Connie's heart sank. She clenched her fists until her fingernails dug into the palms of her hands. "Are you sure, Peggy? Are you positive?"

Peggy nodded her head miserably. "I'm sure, Connie. I don't think Mr. Krieg and the committee know about it yet, but the kids who live over there couldn't get home from school. I met them coming back into town."

"We've got to get those people to the polls if we have to swim across the river with them in a lifesaver's carry," Connie looked appealingly at Cap. "The election depends on it. Maybe Mr. Krieg..."

"There isn't time to wait for his decision, Connie," Cap glanced at his watch. "The polls close at seven and it's after five now." He scratched his head thoughtfully. "If we had a lot of help..."

"We're with you, Cap, one hundred per cent," the varsity captain offered quickly. And the team nodded grimly. "Have you got a plan?"

"Sort of," Cap kicked the basketball into a corner and got down to business. "The guys who can dig up cars could drive them down to the river bank. The rest of you could charter every boat moored along the river and ferry the voters over. If we step on it, we might get most of those people into the polls under the whistle. And Peg, see if you can track down Mr. Krieg. He might have additional suggestions."

The next hour was a chaotic nightmare for Connie. She and Stub went with several of the boys to the river, while Cap and the others raced home for cars. Connie dashed up and down the river bank, begging boats, phoning owners for permission to use them, pushing the boats offshore. Word spread rapidly along the opposite bank, and the voters lined up to wait their turn to ride. Soon the river was dotted with rowboats, canoes, motor launches, and even a speedboat, all zigzagging back and forth. Cap and the emergency motor corps pulled up with a noisy clatter of rattling, racing engines. The drivers posted themselves at the water's edge, helped their passengers

up the grassy slope to the road, and rushed them to the polls.

Peggy finally slid down the slope with the news that Mr. Krieg was delighted with their solution. "He said he'd send help as soon as he could spare it." She looked out over the water, and clapped her hands gleefully.

"It's like an invasion," she squealed.

"And this is H-Hour." Connie rolled up her sleeves and climbed into the remaining rowboat. "I can't go very fast," she shouted, pulling on the oars, "but it's better than nothing."

On her second trip, four men piled into the boat. "Switch over," one of them told Connie, pointing to the seat in the stern. "I'll get us back in a jiffy." He bent over the oars, and the boat shot out into the middle of the river. Connie sat back gratefully, rubbing her aching arms.

On the third return trip, Peggy was directing all the passengers to the road. "None of the cars are back yet," she whispered breathlessly to Connie, "but Jeddy Phillips is waiting up there with a team of horses and a wagon."

Connie shoved off again. This time she almost rammed into the motor launch, piloted by Stub. He stood up and jokingly shook his fist at her. Connie tried to concentrate on her direction, but her mind wouldn't stay on any one track. The minutes were ticking by, and every one of them was taking her nearer to the closing of the polls at seven o'clock. She wondered what it would be like if too many of the voters, still waiting for boats, missed the deadline, and her father lost the election. Central City wouldn't seem the same without Mayor Martin in charge. She shuddered, listened to the swish of the water as her oars passed through it, and forced her blistered hands to pull harder and harder. It seemed an eternity when Peggy finally helped her to shore and beached the boat.

"Everybody's over here now," Peggy told her hoarsely. "Some of the committee arrived and whisked them off to the polls. Sit down and rest."

Wearily Connie dragged herself over to the grass and sank down under a tree. She glanced at her watch. Five minutes to seven. They'd made it. Leaning back, she closed her eyes. When she opened them again, Cap was standing over her, shaking her gently.

"They've all gone back home, Connie," he said softly, "and the boats are moored. Peggy and Stub and your father are waiting in the car up on the road." He helped her to her feet.

"I must have been asleep," Connie rubbed her eyes and meekly staggered after Cap up the slope. "Who's winning?" she asked, sliding into the front seat. Cap climbed in after her.

"It's too early to tell, honey."

Solid with the Young Crowd!



Randolph Knit* ANKLETS

Fashions Worth Noting—

Colorful RANDOLPH KNIT Anklets showing through Vinylite saddle shoes.

(As featured by "Calling All Girls")

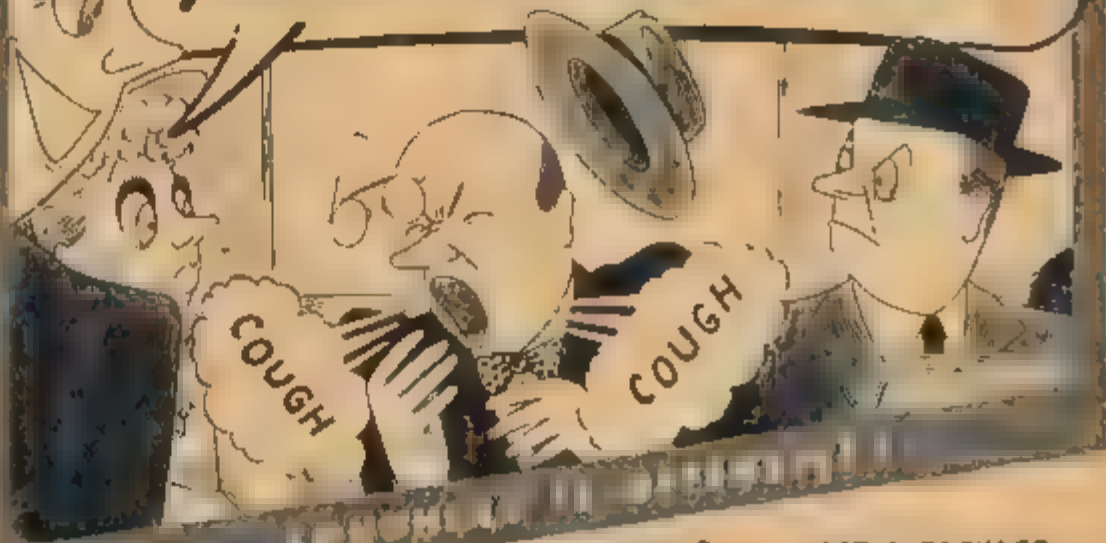
Just be sure they're

RANDOLPH KNIT, Phila. 24, Pa.

also makers of genuine FOOTLETS*

*Trade mark

Didn't your mother ever tell you about SMITH BROTHERS?



ARE YOU A SQUARE?

ARE YOU A DROOP IN A GROUP—
A PEST AT A PARTY—A DROOL IN
SCHOOL? GET HEP! SWELL TASTING
SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

RELIEVE COUGHS THREE WAYS—

- 1 EASE TICKLE
- 2 SOOTHE MEMBRANES
- 3 LOOSEN PHLEGM



GET A PACKAGE
TODAY—ONLY

5¢

GIRLS BE FIRST WITH THIS NEW FAD!

YOUR NAME IN BRONZE \$1

OR ANY 3 LINES OF LOVE, SENTIMENT OR GAG COPT ON
 COMPLETE POSTPAID
 IN MINUTEMAN WHITE LETTER



- NAME PLATES
- DOORS AND DOOR BELLS
- LUGGAGE, TRUNKS, LOCKERS
- BIKES, BOOKS, BRIEF CASES
- INVITATIONS, SPECIAL MESSAGES

Ideal gifts! Buy for yourself, your boy friend, your girl friend, your folks! Bronze finish metal, plaques, with raised letters. LIMIT 20 LETTERS PER LINE, 3 LINES.

PRECISION MINIATURES

Dept. Z 3147 BROWN AVE.,
 St. Louis 15, Mo.

PRINT COPY CLEARLY
 NO C O D E

Ballet Beauties by Mail!



A) THE TRUE BALLERINA for leisure and casual wear. Soft, supple black or white kid, \$4

B) New! THE OUT-DOOR BALLET for anytime, anywhere! Leather heel, out-door leather sole. The inside cushion wedge cradles your foot!

BLACK KID, \$5 BLACK SUEDE, \$6
 GOLD OR SILVER KID, \$10

Whole sizes only, 3 in 9
 POSTAGE PREPAID

Janis originals

503 N. 12th St., St. Louis 1, Missouri

MAD ABOUT LADD

(Continued from page 13)

A year after he became diving champion, Universal Studios were making a "collection" of college boys with the idea of training them for motion pictures. Although not yet in college, Ladd managed to get in as one of the trainees. The project had a very short life—it folded up in four months. Since he had had some experience in reporting, Ladd decided to take up journalism. He landed a full-time job on the paper he had worked for in high school—reporting, soliciting ads, managing circulation—and by the end of the year was advertising manager of the paper. This would seem like enough activity for any normal person, but during his newspaper days Alan also had a small café on the side. In addition, he tried selling adding machines and cash registers—all of it was no go.

About this time a friend told him that Warner Brothers needed grip men. These grip men are laborers who do specialized work either on the set or in preparation for shooting. Ladd, applying for a grip job, got the latter detail and because he had been a high diver, he did "high work," which meant that most of the time he would be working on exterior sets or along catwalks high above the sound stages. It was during one of these catwalk jobs that Ladd had the fall which decided things for him. A few days before he fell, he had run into a former classmate who was doing bit parts, getting more money for less dangerous work. And Alan had also received a letter from his high-school dramatic coach lamenting the fact that Ladd had not given acting a try. All this certainly helped to bend the straw in the wind.

Ladd quit the grip job immediately and enrolled in the Ben Bard School of Acting. Financially, it was a terrific struggle. Just when he was ready to give up, he was given an acting job with a local radio station. As luck would have it, Sue Carol, former screen star and at the time an actors' agent, heard him and signed him up immediately. Miss Carol believed Ladd had a lot of talent, but the big hurdle was convincing the producers to give him a chance. She plugged for two years, but because he was unknown, role after role was lost to "name" actors.

Fate must have tired of frowning on him, for suddenly he got a prize role in "Joan of Paris" and the same week Paramount called him for a test for the part of Raven in "This Gun for Hire." By the time the movie had run two weeks, Ladd was a star.

The rest is movie history, but in case you didn't know, Ladd married Sue Carol shortly before he joined the Army Air Forces. He was given a medical discharge in '43. To complete the story, the Ladds have a young daughter, Alana.

YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!



EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?
 YOU NEED **SHINOLA**

● You can't put your best foot forward when the shoe on that foot needs a shine. In addition to your appearance, there's a very practical reason for treating your shoes to regular Shinola care. Shinola's oily waxes help replenish the normal oils in leather—help maintain flexibility—that means longer wear. Try KEEPING 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA.



IN CANADA IT'S 2 IN 1

The **GIFT** for **DAD**

AUTO ROAD MAP CASE \$1.50
 Father will love his tan leatherette case. Shows the map opened; has pocket for extra maps. Size folded, 5 1/2" by 10". Gift box.

MOTORING LOG \$1.00
 For his day by day record of auto trips, long or short; mileage, gas, expenses, etc. Fits into pocket of his Map Case.

ORDER DIRECT OR FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER
 FREDERICK H. BEACH, Dept. GA
 208 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

I enclose \$ for MAP CASES at \$1.50 each, postpaid, and for MOTORING LOGS at \$1.00

NAME
 STREET
 CITY STATE

MOVIE STAR PORTRAITS IN FULL COLORS



Van Johnson

CORNEL WILDE—RITA HAYWORTH—ROBERT MITCHELL—TYRONE POWER—ESTHER WILLIAMS—PETER LAW-FORD—TOM DRAKE—JANE RUSSELL—GREGORY PECK—JUDY GARLAND—ROBERT WALKER—PERRY COMO—JEANNE CRAIN—DICK HAYMES—HELMUT DANTINE—DANA ANDREWS—INGRID BERGMAN—JOHN HODIAK—GENE TIERNEY—FRANK SINATRA—VAN JOHNSON—JUNE ALLYSON—ALAN LADD—LANA TURNER—ROY ROGERS—BETTY GRABLE—ALICE FAYE—SONJA HENIE—GENE AUTRY—DANE CLARK—GLORIA DEHAYEN—GUY MADISON—SHIRLEY TEMPLE—WILLIAM EYTHE—BOB HUTTON—LON McALLISTER—BING CROSBY—CLARK GABLE—BETTY HUTTON—LAUREN BACALL—GREER GARSON—MARGARET O BRIEN.

These gorgeous photos are printed on heavy coated paper size 8x10, in FULL LIFELIKE COLORS. Your choice of any eight listed above for \$5.00—16 for \$1.00—34 for \$2.00—62 for \$4.00—124 for \$8.00. DON'T WAIT. Mail your order NOW.

IRVING KLAU

212 East 14 St.

Dept. A-16, New York City 3, N. Y.

FROM YOU TO US

(Continued from page 4)

mothers, keeping the housework on the straight and narrow path, reading good books, and thinking about our future careers. Those careers may include a tall, dark, and handsome Romeo, but he's often hidden by the education we'll need, the salaries we'll get, and a thorough investigation of our true interests to decide what career we are really the best suited for. . . .

No, this younger generation is not going to rack and ruin in America. We're merely growing up, and loving every minute of the process.

M. D., Salem, N. J.

(In reply to I. R., I. S., and F. R. of Dunfermline, Fife.) Of course we think of lessons. We never go out on a date before we finish our homework. And do we have homework??—if you only knew!! We may sound wacky 'n' unusual to you, but we have fun and we love it!! P.S. CALLING ALL GIRLS—we adore you!

K. J., M. L., T. M., A. L., D. J.,
Chicago, Ill.

No new language

We here in Victoria, B. C., think your magazine is really super. We disagree with J. A. of Montreal, Que., whose letter appeared in the August issue. She seems to think that jive talk is becoming a new language, but any quirk who believes that is really off the beam. We think you Americans are all reet, and not wacky at all. We love your fads and fashions, and we will be looking forward to your next issue.

J. L., M. M., P. F., Victoria, B. C.

I did agree with the Canadian girl about good English. Good English is most certainly a good deal "smarter" than jabberwocky. Oh, I'll admit I use slang sometimes, but I prefer good English. So do most of my crowd.

O. O., Benicia, Calif.

Good neighbors

My father is the Special Assistant to the Ambassador here in Bolivia, so he is doing quite a bit for the "good neighbor" policy. We have a gang here, too. My eldest sister and I are the only North Americans in it. We dance samba, conga, rumba, boogie, tango, and good old slow fox trots (they call them "blues" here). Even my O. A. O. (I got that from CAG. Last time I was in the States was three years ago) is Bolivian.

M. A. D., La Paz, Bolivia.

I felt that I just had to write, to tell you how much I appreciate your wonderful magazine. It is the best book for girls that I have ever read, and I only wish that we had more of its kind over here. I think the fashions are lovely, and the stories are first class. . . . My chums at school

love CALLING ALL GIRLS and each tries to be first in the queue to read it.

E. M., Glasgow, Scotland.

I have just returned from spending three weeks in Canada. I have never had so much fun in my life. There aren't any differences between Canadian and American girls and boys. Our slang and jive was the same. We had the same idea of fun, enjoyed the same music and thought alike on major subjects such as the world we want. Canadian boys went with American girls and vice versa. I made many friends during the three weeks I was there and ones that will be friends for life.

M. M., Binghamton, N. Y.

No double-talk, either

I have just finished reading "This Is No Double-Talk" in the August CALLING ALL GIRLS. I, as a typical teen-age girl, would like to say that I appreciate that type of article very much. I want to grow up to be a good citizen. This job isn't easy, but the more help we teen-agers have from people already having gone along this path, the easier it will become. I am particularly interested in race relationships. In our local teen-age church group we have emphasized race relationships greatly and I would say that it has not only done much good for our group but for the whole community.

D. R., Walla Walla, Wash.

I enjoyed Danny Kaye's article, "This Is No Double-Talk." I feel very strongly on the race issue as I am one of the minority groups, the Negro. We are very proud of our race. . . . Most of us are self-respecting, law-abiding citizens.

A. R., Leaksville, N. C.

Bon voyage

I want to thank you for the wonderful article, "Chart Your Course," in the August issue. I am just starting high school and your article helped me a great deal in choosing my subjects.

B. G., Minneapolis, Minn.

As you like us

I have found more friends than I ever had just by doing some of the things that CAG suggests!

G. H., Winter Harbor, Me.

Congratulations on the wonderful story, "Crazy Over Horses"! I enjoyed it immensely. It showed all the feelings and emotions a true lover of horses has.

O. W., Cleveland, Ohio.

I enjoyed the article, "Your Career in Nursing" in the August issue. Let's have a lot more on the subject.

B. L., Covina, Calif.

FRIENDSHIP LOG

A MEMORY BOOK to be filled in by your friends. Special sections for autograph signers' picture address, birthday likes and dislikes, favorite movie star, favorite boys and girls' name, life ambition, etc. Handsome red flexible leatherette cover gold stamped 90 pages. A WONDERFUL GIFT.



\$1.00 postpaid
ORDER DIRECT ON
FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER

FREDERICK M. BEACH Dept. CAG 5
208 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$. . . for FRIENDSHIP LOGS

NAME

STREET

CITY STATE



Free BOOK OF ARTCRAFT
FOR TEEN-AGE OR OLDER
Illustrates many ways of making beautiful glass, brass and copper craft. etc. Write for FREE A.P.I.
Thayer & Chandler, 910 W. Van Buren St., Chicago 7, Ill.

was mailed out on receipt of the cash. One plump lady anxiously awaiting her pills was the victim of a mailing mix-up. She wrote a testy letter, announcing that she had received a box of cigars which had been no help at all in paring down her curves. Most uncanny event Martin remembers occurred the day Pearl Harbor was attacked. When the newscaster broke in with the announcement, Martin was spinning *It Happened in Hawaii*. Then, still unaware of what had happened, he played *This Is No Laughing Matter*—a grim truth indeed.

A variation on the standard disc jockey is Dick Gilbert, first of the singing deejays; since he started this technique, about a hundred platter-chatter men have adopted it. Frequently during his show Dick claps on some earphones and croons along with the records. His pleasant, mellow singing gives his program the semblance of being a live show, and some of his listeners have been so mesmerized by his vocalizing that they have written letters proposing marriage—even enclosing the ring. Dick spices his program by having celebrity guests like the Andrews Sisters, the Dorsey brothers, Xavier Cugat. After an ad lib interview, Dick gives some of the artist's recordings a whirl, followed up by more chatter.

Representative of the all-night watch, those deejays who cater to the night owls, is Art Ford of the Milkman's Matinee. From midnight until 6:30 he spins the dozens of platters requested by listeners via telegram; interspersed are his own lazy-voiced comments and commercials. Most requests run something like this—"Please play *Stardust* for for Angle from Oscar and the gang." Others are sometimes surprising. Like the man who called up (before Art discontinued phone requests) and asked for *Silver Threads Among the Gold*. A few minutes later he called back and asked Art to hurry his tune along, as he wouldn't be where he was much longer. Pressed for details, he confided he was

robbing a house, was almost through and would soon be leaving. Always agreeable, Art promptly played his request.

Art has a zany sense of humor and sprinkles his program with such wild items as "Odd Operas" and his "All-Mouse Band." The operas are a fantastic scramble of unexpected sounds played either in rapid succession or simultaneously—like roosters crowing, the rattle of a taxi, bagpipe music, a rumba, and occasional screams. Twenty-four years old and six feet two, he keeps a stove in the studio and frequently fries an egg or toasts marshmallows while a record is spinning. If he sometimes gets an urge to shave, he casually proceeds to do so, and he sometimes plays a fast game of ping-pong with whoever is hanging around the studio. He has an ardent following among the famous—Gertrude Lawrence studies scripts while she listens to his tunes, Earl Wilson drops by to write a column, Leonard Bernstein phones in frequent requests. Art has listeners in unexpected places, too, for in the early hours of the morning when other stations are still slumbering, a smaller station gains strength. Art has had request cables drift in from China and India.

There are many, many other deejays, any one of whom would make colorful copy, if we just had more room—California's Dusty Rhodes, Eddie Chase in Detroit, Rush Hughes in St. Louis, Hollywood's Al Jarvis, and many others. There are other varieties of programs, too, like the early-morning stint during which the platter man tries to tease his listeners out of their before-breakfast grouch.

And the deejays who take their jazz seriously and have weekly air-wave sessions during which jazz experts criticize the new recordings. But whoever the deejay, and whatever his type of program, they all have the ingenuity and the personality punch that have won devoted listeners and have made this intimate from-me-to-you form of entertainment one of the biggest in radio.



"Does Chuck know you're gonna have nine million babies?"

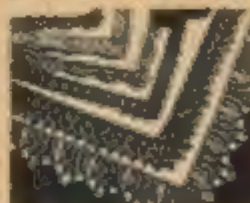
HUNDREDS OF WONDERFUL, SMART
NEW FASHIONS YOU CAN

Crochet!

QUICKLY! EASILY! ECONOMICALLY!



"White House," one of 17 exquisite new doilies in Book 217. Many famous prize-winners included. Easy, quick patterns, complete directions.



100 smartest new designs for blouses, skirts, baby clothes, etc. in Book 218.



High-fashion bags, washable! Complete directions for 17 bags in Book 219.



Book full of adorable animals, pet holders, slippers, bags, aprons in Book 220.



Why pay \$40 for a crocheted hat? Make it yourself! 14 styles in Book 221.

JUST 10 CENTS EACH! Mail Coupon Today!

The Spool Cotton Company, Dept. CAG-246

54 Clark Street, Newark 6, New Jersey

Enclosed is.....cents for 10-cent books checked.

☐ "Dollies," No. 217

☐ "100 Designs," No. 218

☐ "Bags," No. 219

☐ "Gifts," No. 220

☐ "Hats and Accessories," No. 221

☐ "Hats," (easy favorites), No. 222

☐ "Accessories," Chair ornaments, labels, blouses, jewelry, etc., No. 223

☐ "Pet-Holders," No. 224

☐ "Chair Sets," No. 225

☐ "Woolies for Babies," (knit and crochet), No. 226

Name.....

Address.....

"Hi TIMER"

The New
1946

CLOCHE

by
Junior Miss



Slack as a Chick and fashion-right to the minute. Will give you a heady-air for that important "date," in fine felt. All new Spring colors. About \$2.95.

At your favorite store, or write to

JUNIOR MISS HAT CO.
18 W. 37th St., N. Y. 18, N. Y.

CALLING ALL GIRLS MARCH 1946 CONTENTS

Look for Fashions O.K'd by CALLING ALL GIRLS

(or similar fashions) in teen departments
of the Official Headquarters Stores listed below:

From You To Us.....	8
Big Girl.....	11
She's for Me.....	14
Your Easter Coat Is a Topper.....	16
Bonnets for Elizabeth Taylor and You.....	18
Mayor Martin's Daughter.....	20
Your Career Covering the News.....	22
Stretch Your Room.....	24
Manhattan Mystery.....	26
Shop Talk.....	29
Movies that Matter.....	30
Behind the Dials with the Disc Jackeys.....	32
The Figure of Fashion.....	34
Judy Wing.....	36
Always Belittlin'.....	38
Jabberwocky and Jive.....	40
Let's Talk Things Over.....	42
Shake 'Em Up.....	43
Tricks for Teens.....	44
FLAT-tery for Suits.....	45
Simplicity Sue Sews Basques.....	46
And Now the Brim.....	48
Calling All Girls Club News.....	52
Record Raters.....	57

CALLING ALL GIRLS is published monthly by CALLING ALL GIRLS, INC., a subsidiary of the publishers of Parents' Magazine—52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

President—GEORGE J. HECHT

Publisher—MARGARET E. JESSUP

Editor—FRANCES ULLMANN

Assistant Editor—ANNETTE TURNER

Art—RALPH O. ELLSWORTH

Decorating—MAXINE LIVINGSTON

Fashions—NANCY PEPPER

Food—JANE RICHARDS

Good Looks—LOUISE CARLISLE

Let's Talk—ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Movies—ELIZABETH NICHOLS

JUNIOR ADVISORY EDITORS

DIANE DISNEY

Daughter of Walt Disney

GLORIA JEAN

PEGGY ANN GARNER • ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Movie Stars

MARIAN GRUDEFF

Canadian Concert Pianist

SENIOR ADVISORY EDITORS

BERNICE BAXTER

President, Camp Fire Girls, Inc.

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

Famous Author

SONJA HENIE

World-Famous Figure Skater

OSA JOHNSON

Jungle Explorer and Author

CLARA SAVAGE LITLEDAL

Editor, Parents' Magazine

ANGELA M. LUCAS

Natl. Co-Chairman for Youth,

Natl. Council of Catholic Women

MARY L. NORTHWAY

Assoc. Prof. of Psychology,

Univ. of Toronto, Canada

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Movie Star

*Akron, Ohio.....	The M. O'Neil Co.	Hamilton, Ohio.....	Wilmers, Inc.	*Portland, Me.....	Owen Moore & Co.
*Albany, N. Y.....	Wonder Shop	Harrisburg, Pa.....	Bowman & Co.	Portland, Ore.....	Olds, Wortman & King
*Albuquerque, N. M.....	Killer, Collier & Co.	*Harrisonburg, Va.....	The Joseph Ney & Sons Company	*Portsmouth, Ohio.....	Marting Bros.
Allentown, Pa.....	Hess Brothers	*Hartford, Conn.....	Brown-Thomson, Inc.	*Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....	Wallace Company
*Alltoona, Pa.....	The Wm. F. Gable Co.	*Hibbing, Minn.....	Herberger's, Inc.	*Providence, R. I.....	Cherry & Webb Co.
*Amarillo, Texas.....	White & Kirk	*Honolulu, Hawaii.....	Jay's Dept. Store	Pueblo, Colo.....	C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
*Asheville, N. C.....	Ivey's, Inc.	*Hopkinsville, Ky.....	Morton's, Inc.	*Quincy, Mass.....	Gilchrist Co.
*Ashtabula, Ohio.....	Carlisle Allen Co.	*Hornell, N. Y.....	Tuttle & Rockwell Co.	*Racine, Wis.....	Zahn Dry Goods Co.
*Athens, Ga.....	Michael Bros., Inc.	*Houston, Tex.....	Palais Royal	Reading, Pa.....	Pomeroy's, Inc.
Augusta, Ga.....	Saxon Culum, Inc.	*Huntington, W. Va.....	Huntington Dry Goods Co.	Richland, Wash.....	C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Augusta, Me.....	D. W. Adams Co.	Hutchinson, Kans.....	Wiley Dry Goods Co.	Roanoke, Va.....	S. H. Melronimus Co.
Aurora, Ill.....	Black & Kuhl Co.	Idaho Falls, Idaho.....	C. C. Anderson Stores Co.	*Rochester, Minn.....	Stevenson's, Inc.
Baltimore, Md.....	Stewart & Co.	Jackson, Mich.....	Stillman Dry Goods Co.	Rockford, Ill.....	Black & Kuhl Co.
Baton Rouge, La.....	Godchaux's	Jackson, Miss.....	R. E. Kemington Co.	*Rock Island, Ill.....	Black & Kuhl Co.
*Binghamton, N. Y.....	McLean's Dept. Store	*Jamestown, N. Y.....	Abrahamson Bigelow Co.	*Sacramento, Calif.....	Weinstock Lubin
*Birmingham, Ala.....	Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, Inc.	*Johnstown, Pa.....	Penn Traffic Co.	Saginaw, Mich.....	Wm. C. Wlechmann Co.
Boise, Idaho.....	C. C. Anderson Stores Co.	Joliet, Ill.....	Block & Kuhl Co.	*St. Cloud, Minn.....	Herberger-Hart Co.
*Boston, Mass.....	Gilchrist Co.	*Jonesboro, Ark.....	Heinemann Dry Goods Co.	St. Louis, Mo.....	Famous Barr Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.....	The Howland Dry Goods Co.	Kankakee, Ill.....	The Fair Stores Co.	*St. Paul, Minn.....	Golden Rule Dept. Store
Bristol, Conn.....	Murphy Bros. Co., Inc.	*Kansas City, Mo.....	The Missouri Dept. Store	*Salt Lake City, Utah.....	Auerbach Co.
*Bruckton, Mass.....	Gilchrist Co.	*Knoxville, Tenn.....	Miller's, Inc.	*San Angelo, Tex.....	Solomon's Women's Wear
*Buffalo, N. Y.....	J. H. Adam & Co.	*La Crosse, Wis.....	Stevenson's, Inc.	San Antonio, Tex.....	Jack & Jill
Burlington, Vt.....	Abernethy Clarkson Wright	Lancaster, Pa.....	M. T. Garvin & Co.	Sandusky, Ohio.....	The Cohn Store
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.....	H. N. Croemer	Lewiston, Idaho.....	C. C. Anderson Stores Co.	San Francisco, Calif.....	Hale Bros.
Champaign, Ill.....	W. Lewis & Co.	Lewiston, Me.....	B. Peck Co.	Schenectady, N. Y.....	The Carl Company
*Charleston, W. Va.....	The Diamond Store	Lexington, Ky.....	Ben Snyder, Inc.	*Scranton, Pa.....	Cleland-Simpson Company
*Charlotte, N. C.....	J. B. Ivey & Co.	Lima, Ohio.....	The Leader Store	Seattle, Wash.....	The Bon Marche
*Chattanooga, Tenn.....	Miller Bros. Co.	Lincoln, Nebr.....	Gold & Co.	*Sheboygan, Wis.....	H. C. Prange Co.
*Chicago, Ill.....	The Fair, Inc.	Little Rock, Ark.....	The M. M. Cohn Co.	Sioux City, Iowa.....	Davidson Bros. Co.
*Cincinnati, Ohio.....	The Big Store	Logan, Utah.....	C. C. Anderson Stores Co.	*South Bend, Ind.....	Robertson Bros. Dept. Store, Inc.
Clarksville, Tenn.....	Morton's, Inc.	Long Beach, Calif.....	Walker's	*Spartanburg, S. C.....	Collins Dept. Store
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Wm. Taylor Sons & Co.	Los Angeles, Calif.....	The May Co.	Spokane, Wash.....	The Crescent
*Clinton, Iowa.....	John D. Van Allen & Son, Inc.	Louisville, Ky.....	Stewart Dry Goods Company	*Springfield, Ill.....	Myers Bros.
Colorado Springs, Colo.....	Kaufman's, Inc.	Lynchburg, Va.....	Guggenheimer's, Inc.	Springfield, Mass.....	Forbes & Wallace
*Columbia, S. C.....	James L. Tapp Co., Inc.	Madison, Wis.....	Burden Smith & Co.	Springfield, Mo.....	Heer's, Inc.
Columbus, Ga.....	J. A. Kirven Co.	*Madison, Wis.....	Harry S. Manchester, Inc.	Springfield, Ohio.....	The Edward Wren Store
Columbus, Ohio.....	F. & R. Laxaria Co.	*Mankato, Minn.....	Geo. E. Bratt Co.	Stamford, Conn.....	C. O. Miller Co.
Cornellville, Pa.....	The Troutman Co.	Manchester, N. H.....	James W. Hill Co.	*Syracuse, N. Y.....	L. A. Witherill, Inc.
*Corpus Christi, Tex.....	Randall's	*Memphis, Tenn.....	B. Lowenstein & Bros., Inc.	*Tacoma, Wash.....	Rhodes Bros.
*Cumberland, Md.....	Rosenbaum's	*Meridian, Miss.....	Alex Loeb, Inc.	Terre Haute, Ind.....	Herz Store, Inc.
*Danville, Ill.....	Black & Kuhl Co.	*Middletown, N. Y.....	Tompkins Dry Goods Co.	*Toledo, Ohio.....	The Lion Dry Goods Co.
*Danville, Va.....	L. Herman	*Milwaukee, Wis.....	Gimbel Brothers	*Toronto, Canada.....	Northway's
Dayton, Ohio.....	The Elder & Johnston Co.	Moline, Ill.....	Block & Kuhl Co.	Torrington, Conn.....	The W. W. Mertz Co.
Decatur, Ill.....	Block & Kuhl Co.	*Morgantown, W. Va.....	Kaufman's	Trenton, N. J.....	S. P. Dunham & Co., Inc.
*Denver, Colo.....	Justin Dry Goods Co.	Murfreesboro, Tenn.....	Goldstein's	*Tulsa, Okla.....	The Froug Co., Inc.
Derby, Conn.....	The Tweed Shop	*Nashville, Tenn.....	Casner Knott Dry Goods Co.	Twin Falls, Idaho.....	C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
*Des Moines, Iowa.....	Younkers	Newark, N. J.....	Krasge—Newark	Uniontown, Pa.....	N. Kaufman's, Inc.
*Detroit, Mich.....	Crawley, Milner & Co.	New Britain, Conn.....	Raphael's	Utica, N. Y.....	The Boston Store
*Duluth, Minn.....	Oreck's	New London, Conn.....	The Juvenile Shop	*Waltham, Mass.....	Gilchrist Co.
Easton, Pa.....	Eagle Youth Centre	*New Orleans, La.....	D. N. Holmes Co., Ltd.	Warren, Pa.....	Metzger Wright Co.
*Eau Claire, Wis.....	The Fashion Store	New Rochelle, N. Y.....	Weber's	*Washington, D. C.....	The Hecht Co.
Elgin, Ill.....	Ackemann Bros.	*New York, N. Y.....	Gimbel Bros.	Waterbury, Conn.....	Worth's
Elizabeth, N. J.....	R. J. Goerke Co.	*Niagara Falls, N. Y.....	J. N. Adam & Co.	*Watertown, S. D.....	Herberger, Inc.
*Elk City, Okla.....	Burr Store	*Norfolk, Va.....	Smith & Walton	Waukegan, Ill.....	The Hein Co.
El Paso, Texas.....	Popular Dry Goods Co.	Northampton, Mass.....	McCallum's Dept. Store	Wausau, Wis.....	Winkelman's
*Evansville, Ind.....	The Baby Shop	Ogden, Utah.....	C. C. Anderson Stores Co.	*Wheeling, W. Va.....	The Hub
Everett, Wash.....	Rumbough-McLain	*Oklahoma City, Okla.....	John A. Brown Co.	*Wichita, Kan.....	Buck's, Inc.
Fairmont, W. Va.....	J. M. Hartley & Son Co.	*Omaha, Nebr.....	Brandes Dept. Store	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.....	Fowler, Dick, & Walker
* Fargo, N. D.....	O. J. DeLendro Co.	Oneonta, N. Y.....	Oneonta Dept. Store, Inc.	*Williamsport, Pa.....	Brosman's
Florence, S. C.....	Belk's Dept. Store	Orlando, Fla.....	Yowell-Drew-Ivey Co.	Wilmington, Del.....	Kennard, Pyle Co.
*Fond du Lac, Wis.....	Hill Brothers	Painesville, Ohio.....	Gail G. Grant, Inc.	Wilmington, Ohio.....	The H. H. Thorne Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind.....	Grand Leader	*Parkerburg, W. Va.....	The Surprise Store	Woonsocket, R. I.....	McCarthy's
Gainesville, Fla.....	Wilson Co.	Paterson, N. J.....	Quackenbush Co.	*Worcester, Mass.....	Deholm & McKay Co.
Gary, Ind.....	H. Gordon & Sons	Peoria, Ill.....	Block & Kuhl Co.	Yakima, Wash.....	Barnes Woodlin Co.
Geneva, N. Y.....	J. W. Smith Dry Goods Co.	*Philadelphia, Pa.....	Gimbel Bros.	Youngstown, Ohio.....	G. M. McKelvey Co.
Grand Island, Nebr.....	Wolfbach's	*Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Rosenbaum's	*Zanesville, Ohio.....	H. Weber Sons & Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.....	Kerpelheimer Co.	Pittsfield, Mass.....	England Brothers		
Great Falls, Mont.....	Strain Brothers	Pontiac, Mich.....	Walte's, Inc.		
*Green Bay, Wis.....	H. C. Prange Co.				
Greensburg, Pa.....	The Bon Ton				
Greenville, S. C.....	Meyers-Arnold Co.				

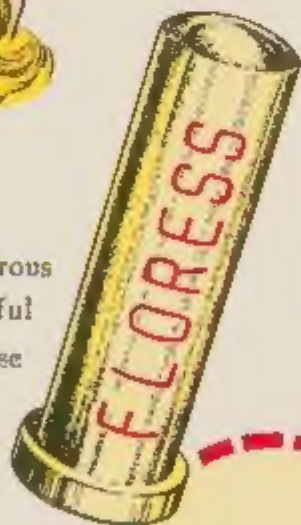
*Stores which sponsor the official CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air
If your city is not listed here, write for name of store to Fashion Department,
CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



SHE PUTS MAGIC ON
HER LIPS WITH **FLORESS**,
THE NEW FLUORESCENT
LIPSTICK— AND BOOM!
SHE SEEMS TO RADIATE
BEWITCHMENT!



Send for generous
\$1.00 size in beautiful
Gold Metal Swivel Case



It's Wonderful! It's Different! Charge your lips with glistening color
drama, ignite every costume with this new fluorescent lipstick miracle
containing shimmery Florium. See Hi-lights by day . . . at night, a glow
like burning embers. Unrivalled smoothness and indelibility *plus* a non
chap emollient give you for the first time *radiated* color . . . imperishable
lip magic all in one! It's so new—try it now.

Send for your
trial sizes



Now have
matching
lips and nails
with the new
Floress
Nail Lacquer

CHECK SHADES

- Pink Passion ☐
Neon Red ☐
Scarlet Sequin ☐
Twilight Fuchsia ☐
Northern Lights ☐
Blue Flame ☐

Send me two trial sizes (a full month's supply) of fabulous FLORESS, the
fluorescent lipstick, in shades checked at left. I enclose 25c in coin to
cover all charges, including tax. Check here ☐ if you wish all 6 shades for 50c.

☐ Send 1 trial size of Floress Fluorescent Nail Lacquer to match each lipstick shade checked.
Enclose an additional 25c for 2 or 50c for 6.

Check here for
REGULAR \$1 SIZE in beautiful
all metal brass swivel case.
☐ I enclose \$1.20 tax included. ☐ Send C.O.D. \$1.20 Plus Postage.

NAME _____
(Print Plainly)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

*In Canada: Large Size is \$1.35—C.O.D.'s Accepted

FLORESS, DEPT. 12-B 205 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO 1, ILL.

*In Canada: Floress, Dept. 12-B 22 College St., Toronto



Saucy Sophomore

**No other shampoo leaves your hair
so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.**

You can cheer the boys on the team... but the boys on the team will cheer you... if your hair is Drene-clean and lustrous, sparkling with natural highlights!

"You don't have to be a cheer-leader to be out in front of the crowd," says pretty 14-year-old fashion model and Drene Girl, Joan Tebbe. "I've noticed that girls with radiant Drene-clean hair are the center of attraction whatever the occasion." And no wonder! Drene is not a soap shampoo... never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do... actually reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. And Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first

time you use it. Your hair looks cleaner, and feels cleaner... because it is cleaner!

For game-time action, Joan keeps her hair sleek and neat by pulling back the temple sections and tying them with a bow. "But it's easy to fix any hair-do after you use Drene," she says. "For Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action leaves hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage!" Mail coupon below for Joan's setting and combing instructions.

No matter whether you're a Fascinating Freshman, a Saucy Sophomore, a Jaunty Junior or a Sagacious Senior... you too can be a real Glamour Girl with your gleaming Drene-clean, Drene-lovely hair!

How to set this Hair-do

Free

Use Coupon or write: DRENE SHAMPOO, PROCTER & GAMBLE, DEPT. NC, BOX 687, CINCINNATI 1, OHIO

- A Free setting and combing instructions for the cheer-leader hair-do pictured above.
- B Illustrated booklet on hair care, oily and dry hair problems, good shampooing technique, dandruff, etc.
- C Right and wrong hair-dos for slim, narrow face, round, full face; hair styling rules and routine care.

(Check coupon below or write for each item you wish)

Drene
**Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action**



DRENE SHAMPOO, PROCTER & GAMBLE
DEPT. NC, BOX 687, CINCINNATI 1, OHIO

Please send me FREE the items checked below:

A ☐ B ☐ C ☐

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

(This coupon good until March 1, 1947)